



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

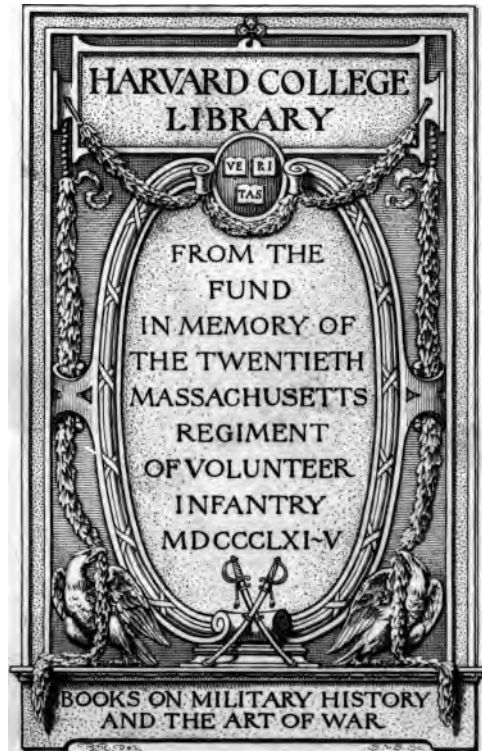
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

MY ARMY EXPERIENCES

Andrew Pohlman

U S 6856.30.5



1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future.

2. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future.



Gen. Lawton was killed in battle about four miles from Manila.

SCIENCES

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

1927



D

MY
ARMY EXPERIENCES

BY
ANDREW POHLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY 41 PICTURES



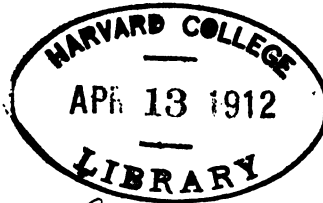
BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

AT

835 BROADWAY, N. Y.

1906

268 56, 30.5



*Gift of
The Twentieth Regiment*

Copyrighted, 1906.

BY

ANDREW POHLMAN.

All Rights Reserved.

PREFACE.

In this book it is the purpose of the author to show both the bright and the dark side of the life of a private in the army, and that the abolishment of war can be accomplished providing we extend our efforts in the right direction.

The public can get a true conception of the evils in the army such as the evils connected with the issuing of rations only from one who has suffered from those evils for a term of three years and is no longer connected with the army. The truth can not be learned from those connected with the army for the reason that some are personally interested and others will not give correct information because they fear retaliation from higher authority. Neither can a correct opinion as to whether the army ration contains all the elements necessary to sustain the body be reached by eating one or several meals at an army mess for the reason that if the insufficiency is not very pronounced, it may require several weeks or months before the healthy body shows the effects of insufficient nourishment. Therefore such works as this must be brought forth to give the public reliable information.

Diplomatists, kings and a large part of the legislators of nations gain most of their experience while surrounded by wealth and aristocracy, and have not had the benefit of knowledge which comes up, and out, from under some dark cloud of oppression and can sometimes only be learned by lifelong association with the common class of people. Therefore works which proceed from such associations will help to secure the abolishment of war.

My Army Experiences.

CHAPTER I.

BENEFITS AND DETRIMENTS OF THE REGULAR ARMY TO ITS YOUNG MEN.

THE regular army is more than a war school. To serve one enlistment in the regular army is a training which will help a young man in any business which he afterwards undertakes, providing he has the will power to adhere to the right line of conduct, while in the army.

He learns habits of punctuality, as every soldier is required to be exactly on time at calls for duty.

Being often with a large army, he sees and becomes acquainted with so many different men that he soon learns how to judge quite correctly a stranger's character; consequently, when in business in after life, he is more shrewd in detecting a swindler.

In the army a young man learns how to be patient and persistent, which will help him in a determination to get the employment or business in which he expects to engage after his discharge from the army. All my army friends

✓ succeeded in getting employment at good positions after their discharge.

Army training teaches a young man how to help himself when in difficult situations. During my enlistment there were times when tools and material, such as saw, hammer, nails and bolts, were not at hand; yet we built rafts, storehouses and other necessities, by fastening the timbers together with strips of strong bark.

The army drills are such as will develop strength and endurance. It is of great benefit to young men to have a few years of such training. I have seen many awkward, stoop-shouldered young men transformed into splendid looking specimens of manhood by the army drills.

One of the most serious detriments to a young man in the army is the quality and quantity of the rations. During my enlistment I met men from all branches of the service, and by careful inquiry and my own experience I have come to the conclusion that there is more dissatisfaction and sickness caused by the rations than by many other causes. The complaint is, either the army ration for one man is not sufficient to keep him from hunger, or that a portion of the company rations are sold. The general opinion of the soldiers is inclined towards the latter.

The fact that sometimes rations are not all eaten after cooking is not always proof that there was a sufficient quantity, but more frequently proves the fact that either the cooking or the rations were not of a satisfactory quality. In the Philippine Islands, when we could not eat that which was given us at the company mess we



Rafts of Cocoanuts on one of the Waterways of Manila, Philippine Islands.

sometimes managed, in a manner as savages, to find a meal in the woods near camp. We learned that the interior of a young cocoanut tree would furnish a meal which was not complete for heavy marching, but it did not make us sick, as did some meals in the company mess.

It seems that there is dishonesty in the handling of rations from the fact that at times the price of nearly all articles sold at the commissaries was never an even five cents; consequently, if the price of an article was twenty-two cents, the soldiers were required to pay twenty-five cents, for the reason that they could not make the change, as they received no coin smaller than five cents in their pay, and the amount which they overpaid was not placed on the books as due them.

It is a belief among soldiers that a commissioned officer has authority to sell a part of the company rations in order to raise a company fund, to be used to buy a change of rations for the company. It may be a fact that a scarcity of rations is sometimes caused by the higher price of the better rations which are bought with the company fund.

There is, perhaps, as much dissatisfaction with the quality of the rations as with the quantity. I contend that our soldiers, in order to be in good condition to do the duty which is expected of them, should be at least as well fed as the American laboring man. They should have butter, syrup or jam with bread, some kind of fresh or condensed milk with oatmeal, rice or coffee, and a larger variety of rations to choose from,

so that if he dislikes or is made sick by one he can draw its equivalent in another.

I recall a time when every man in our company was losing flesh rapidly, and troubled more or less with diarrhoea, on account of having long been without a change of rations, and human intelligence had placed us in a worse plight than our army mules, who had the privilege of selecting from many varieties of grasses and herbs such as their health required. Through inquiries, I have learned that the same, or even worse, conditions sometimes prevail in the armies of other nations.

I believe there should be made a change in the system of issuing rations to soldiers. I would suggest that the company mess and fund be discontinued, and each man's ration issued to him by a system similar to that by which he receives his clothing, and allow each man to cook his rations at a garrison as well as when on the march. Doubtless some manufacturer could invent cooking outfits which would meet the requirements.

By the present company system some men dislike or are made sick by that which is required by other men. Frequently the men who are troubled with diarrhoea are made worse by the quantity of salt which other men require in the cooking of the company rations. Each man can cook better to please himself than the company cook can for all. Often there is difficulty in dividing the company mess equally among all men in the company, and confusion and troubles follow. Private C—, a delicate, starved appear-

ing man, was arrested and confined in the guard-house for coming after a second ration and telling the cooks it was his first. Such trouble and confusion would be eliminated if each soldier were allowed to draw and cook his own rations; and he would be better trained to do his cooking when it becomes necessary on the march.

When men are slowly starving they become discouraged and indifferent; and when such spirits affect a whole army it is not in good condition for any duty.

In my opinion, better rations would be cheapest in the end, as our army would need fewer expensive hospital supplies, and fewer men sick would be a great advantage even in time of peace. Here is the opinion of a regular practicing physician with whom I have an acquaintance, and one who has served as private in the army: The bad rations, and also the continuous worrying thoughts about not having to eat what their starving system calls for, helps to bring on disease.

If the plan which I have proposed does not meet all requirements, I can suggest others which I will not mention here, for the reason that it would be better if they were first known only to the proper authorities.

CHAPTER II.

MY EXPERIENCE WHILE RECRUIT.

At the beginning of the war with Spain, in the year 1898, I joined a volunteer organization at Rome, Wis. Our company assembled twice weekly for drill, but was never sworn into the service for the reason that the war was of short duration.

Shortly afterwards there was again need of men who were willing to serve their country in time of war, and I concluded to enlist for service in the Philippine Islands. I visited my friend, F. R. Stroetz, at Milwaukee, and together we enlisted for a term of three years in the regular army.

After we were sworn into the service we received transportation to the rendezvous for recruits at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

At Chicago we were delayed two hours while waiting for our train. We employed the time in seeing some of the city and in purchasing articles which we needed. We had not gone far from the depot when we met a soldier who was on his way home from Porto Rico. Stroetz and I were anxious to know, and we asked some particulars about the islands where we were likely to be stationed; but we soon saw that our new found comrade was somewhat under the influ-

ence of liquor, and was willing to talk to us longer than we wished to be detained.

Stroetz possessed a fun-loving disposition, and knowing me to be a strict temperance man, he soon excused himself and walked into a cigar store near by, leaving me to shake our comrade as best I could. I tried in every manner I could think of to bring the conversation to a close, but he was very persistent in his hanging on, and as there seemed no end to his conversation, I finally told him I did not care to talk any longer, walked up to Stroetz, who stood grinning at the door of the shop, got a grip on his collar and started with him back towards the railway depot. The incident furnished great fun for Stroetz, but soon my turn came to laugh.

Stroetz was in charge of a squad of four recruits, and had his instructions for conducting us until we reported at headquarters at Columbus Barracks, Ohio. After we left Chicago one of the recruits, a youth who evidently had never been far from home, seemed determined to enjoy his freedom while it lasted, and succeeded in making a great deal of trouble for Stroetz, who could not use much authority, for the reason that we were not yet assigned to a company. Very much to my amusement, the recruit continued to be very obstinate in doing that which Stroetz didn't want him doing, until we arrived at Columbus.

Columbus Barracks were crowded to their utmost capacity with recruits when we arrived, but of the discomfort which it caused I heard scarcely any complaint. However, there was a great

deal of dissatisfaction and confusion at mess. During the two weeks we were drilled at Columbus Barracks there were never enough rations. I will describe the scenes in the mess hall, and let the people judge for themselves.

When recruits arrived, they used the same good manners at the mess table which they were accustomed to use at their homes; but extreme hunger soon caused them to discontinue good manners. When the waiters came near their tables every man made a lunge to get something. A tray full of bread was always empty before the waiters had time to place it down upon the table. Often there came from some side of the table a sort of pitiful cry of: "Bring something over this way; we haven't had anything," and the sorrowful answer, "All gone," from a comrade waiter.

We always left the mess hall still feeling hungry, and the busiest time at the canteen restaurant was immediately after the men came from the mess hall. It was the opinion of the recruits that large portions of our rations were withheld from us and afterwards sold. I will not say that their opinion was correct, as I did not see rations sold, but any thinking person will believe that if no rations were sold then large quantities must have been wasted by the system of issuing, or in some other manner, for the reason that the government ration for one man is supposed to be more nearly sufficient than to cause such scenes which occurred in the mess hall.

Those who made complaint to their superior



The Beautiful Church of San Sebastian—built of steel—
Manila, Philippine Islands.

officers did not often receive satisfaction, and sometimes punishment as the result—if they were not careful in choosing their words. Before the end of two weeks most of us had spent all the money we had brought with us from home in buying meals at the restaurant. I suffered very much from hunger, and had prepared to send home for more money, when there came an order for five hundred recruits to go to Cuba with the army of occupation, and I was pleased when I learned that Stroetz and I were among the lucky ones to get away from the horrible place—not knowing that worse was to come.

We left Columbus Barracks about 4 P. M., with empty haversaks, and on account of having lived on scant rations the greater part of two weeks, the heavy marching order from the fort to the railway depot was quite wearisome, and greatly increased our hunger; yet there was no mess aboard train that evening. Breakfast next morning was so scanty that we did not feel much better after eating. There was no mess at noon, and we arrived in New York City late in the evening without supper.

In coming to New York we passed through the cities of Wheeling, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, but we were too hungry to enjoy the sights along the route. When soldiers are on a march far away from cities, or stationed at outlying posts in uncultivated countries, they sometimes suffer from hunger on account of unavoidable accidents; but with us it was a case of starving in the city of New York, where it

seems rations could have been procured for us if there were not enough aboard our train.

At one stop along the route it was rumored that a squad of our men had discovered that a large quantity of our rations were stored in the baggage coach of our train, and as they had not been given to us our men decided to go in to get rations and serve to us all, but they were stopped by armed guards.

After leaving the train at New York, we were marched aboard a ferryboat and transported over a narrow channel to Governor's Island, where a military post is situated. There we were marched to the quartermaster's storehouse to draw clothing, and not rations, as we had expected. The opportunity to draw clothing came frequently, and we were abundantly supplied. If rations can be issued to soldiers by a similar system, I believe a great deal of suffering and sickness will be avoided.

When we arrived at the storehouse many of us were so weak from hunger that we were scarcely able to stand up. About two hours later we became convinced that we were to have no supper that night, and I noticed many men starting off in the direction of lights which we saw in many houses. They soon began coming back, reported that they had been begging for a meal, and urged others to do likewise.

A recruit, for whom I had done a favor at Columbus Barracks, came to me and, seeing my fast weakening condition, urged me to follow his example, and try begging also. I hesitated



**A Novel Country and People—Village of Paranaque,
Philippines.**

a long time, and could not make up my mind to start until my comrade took my arm, pulled me up from where I sat on my poncho, and directed me to go to a house which stood some distance back from the others, where he thought my chances for success would be better on account of not many men having been there.

On the way to the house there came to my mind the thought that certainly there must be large quantities of rations in the storehouse at the post, and that something must be wrong with the system of issuing rations to soldiers. When I arrived at the house I was so weak that I was compelled to crawl up the steps on my hands and knees. The occupants of the house prepared a substantial meal for me, but on the way back to the storehouse I began feeling sick, and not until then had I thought of the danger of eating a heavy meal after fasting. I walked toward a building which I supposed was the hospital, found the steward, who mixed some drug for me, and soon after taking the medicine I was feeling better again.

When I returned to the storehouse a cold rain began falling. I made an attempt to get into a barn, but the floor was so densely packed with sleeping soldiers that it was impossible to avoid treading upon them, and I concluded there was not space enough for me there. However, I found a board, brought it out into the street and lay down upon it, wrapped in my blanket, with my poncho over me. I observed that all the men who were lying asleep around me had boards

or other material under themselves to avoid sleeping on the damp ground. It was daybreak when the last of our men had drawn their clothing, and we marched back to the wharves, where a large army transport was awaiting us.

CHAPTER III.

WE ARE OFF FOR CUBA AND ASSIGNED TO REGIMENTS.

At two P. M. of the day we went aboard our transport we sailed from New York, with seventeen hundred recruits aboard. Our voyage became interesting when we arrived in southern waters. We saw many flying fish, porpoise and shark. Shortly before we arrived at Havana our ship stopped for repairs, and during that time we were very much amused to see the shark snap at everything we threw to them. At one time there were four large ones within sight around our ship.

After a five days' voyage we arrived at Havana and anchored near the wreck of the battleship Maine. About 4 P. M. we left the transport and lined up on the wharf, where we were formed into four detachments for assignment, respectively, to the First and Eighth Infantry, the Seventh Cavalry and Second Artillery. Stroetz and I were in the detachment assigned to the First Infantry.

Our detachment marched through Havana and we arrived at the railway station feeling very warm, thirsty and hungry. Here again rations were not given to the men after a wearisome

march. Yet we saw a large quantity of rations being loaded aboard our train. We could see no reason why we were not fed, as there seemed to be no haste about getting started on our journey. We slept in the railroad yards that night, and were troubled very much by fleas and mosquitoes. In the morning I was quite sick, which I believed was caused by hunger, for the reason that I felt better immediately after I ate my ration at breakfast. Some of my comrades were not so fortunate, but were carried away to the hospital, unable to continue the journey.

After breakfast, Stroetz and I started for a walk downtown, and saw many interesting sights. Not far from the railway depot we came to a tree which was full of very pretty blossoms. We were getting ready to pick some of them and smell of their fragrance, when a Cuban laborer informed us they were poisonous—that was a lesson for us, and afterwards we made ✓ cautious inquiries before we ate fruits from trees with which we were not acquainted. We had already learned some of the Spanish language, and on the way back to the depot we talked with a Cuban, who was very friendly to us, and we asked him many questions about the climate of Cuba. We learned from him that this place where we were going was unhealthy to Americans for the reason that it was situated some distance inland, where we could not have the benefit of a sea breeze.

At thirty minutes past eight our train started for Pinar Del Rio, where the First Infantry and several troops of the Seventh Cavalry were sta-

tioned. The country through which we passed looked green and beautiful. Nearly all our men had never been in a tropical country before, and Stroetz and I, at least, were constantly on the alert and took a keen interest in everything we saw, from merchants pack trains to native señoritas of Spanish descent. Among the latter we decided there were some beauties. As the train proceeded Stroetz and I became very much interested in a variety of palm tree which grew largest in circumference midway between the roots and top. Before the end of our journey we were glad we had come to Cuba, and concluded that if our rations were of a better quality and enough to keep us from hunger we would be very well contented with a soldier's life for a term of three years.

After leaving the train at Pinar Del Rio, our detachment was formed into column of fours, and after a march of three miles we arrived at the camp of the First Infantry. While falling in to be assigned to companies, Stroetz and I were careful to get in the same file, and as the front and rear rank were counted off together, we succeeded in getting into the same company. We were assigned to Company K, and to quarters in a tent with which we were well satisfied.

After we had unpacked our knapsacks, we had some leisure time and made the acquaintance of Bruce E. Phillips, who also had been assigned to Company K, and was one of the jolliest recruits in the company. I soon learned to value his humorous disposition, and was often provoked to laughter, at disagreeable times, by his

jocular expressions. There were millions of fleas in the grass around our camp. Sometimes they appeared to be everywhere, and one night when they were very troublesome it seemed impossible for me to go to sleep. When I began cursing the disagreeable insects he interrupted me as follows:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
While the mosquitoes and fleas begin to creep;
And if they bite before I wake,
I pray to God their jaws to break.

Phillips continued his humorous remarks, asking me why I was not a good man like himself, and that fleas didn't trouble good men. The truth was Phillips' system was so much saturated from the effect of smoking large quantities of tobacco that fleas did not trouble him. I finally decided that he was having too much fun from my discomfort, and told him he had better not get too gay, as the time would come when I could get back action and have a laugh on him—an assertion which proved to be true one night in the Philippine Islands, as we shall see later.

In the morning of the day after we arrived, Stroetz, Phillips and I were preparing for "recruit drill," when we made the acquaintance of Joe Cooley, who became an interesting member of our circle of friends. Cooley was not much older in the service than ourselves. He said he ranked us by a few months, and for that reason was capable of giving advice to us. He then explained that he considered it his duty to in-



American Troops Fighting from Stone Wall Defenses.

struct us in a particular command which had puzzled the entire squad of recruits in which he learned to drill. He explained to us that when the command "quick time" was given as the next after "double time," we must not run faster, but come back to the regulation quick step at a walk.

Cooley told the following story about the squad in which he drilled as recruit. One day while the squad was out at drill the corporal gave the command "double time!" which they executed in good order. The following command was "quick time!" and the squad started faster instead of coming back to the quick step as in regular marching order. The corporal saw the mistake and shouted again, "Quick time!" His squad started still faster and ran until they struck a creek at the end of the drill ground, which Cooley cleared at a single jump, while some of the other men struck the water near the middle of the stream.

Having in the company a competent force of non-commissioned officers to instruct us in drill we were soon qualified to do duty with the company. The company had a goat for a mascot. Spike made daily visits inside of nearly all the company tents. He seemed to know that he belonged to our company and never strayed far from the company street. He was the cause of much amusement and frequently strangers received a butt from the rear by him.

There were concerts given by the 1st infantry band two evenings each week in the city park at Pinar Del Rio and upon such occasions almost the entire population of the city and the soldiers

off duty were in the park and streets. Thus time passed very pleasantly, and Stroetz and I began to think we would be among the fortunate ones who would not be taken sick with the fever. However, before many months had passed we were sick and in the hospital.

CHAPTER IV.

SICKNESS AND RETURN TO THE STATES FOR RE-
CUPERATION.

STROETZ and I were taken sick with fever within the same week. Several days after I was taken to the hospital in an ambulance I learned that Philips also was in the hospital. In a few weeks we were very much reduced in flesh, and when convalescent were transferred, with others, to the general hospital at Havana.

The general hospital was situated on high grounds near the seashore and the sea breeze had a very beneficial effect on the convalescent patients to leave the hospital enclosure and walk down to the seashore for the benefit of our health. A few days after we arrived at the general hospital Stroetz, Philips and I started to walk toward the seashore, but we were yet so weak from our sickness that it was necessary for us to rest often, in shady places by the roadside; and we returned back to the hospital after we had gone about half way to the beach.

We grew stronger every day and took longer walks. One day while we were walking near the edge of water where the shore was of rock formation we discovered a splendid bathing pool which was free from the danger of sharks.

There was an old fort near by and the basin was probably blasted out of the rock by the Spaniards. In the side of the basin nearest the water there was an opening in the wall, and each wave coming in from the sea caused a rush of water in through the aperture and out again as the wave receded—which kept the water in the basin fresh and clean. After we had discovered the basin we went there almost every day for bathing and in that warm climate sea bathing is great enjoyment.

Old Fort Principe, near our hospital, was another place of interest which we visited several times and each time we made new discoveries in the underground passages, such as corrals and storerooms. Occasionally we received passes for the purpose of going down to Havana. There our favorite place was a small park in the center of the city where we enjoyed sitting in the shade and seeing many interesting sights in the streets of that tropical city.

If there had not been a scarcity of rations, time would have passed pleasantly while we stayed at the general hospital. On account of the scarcity of rations the convalescents assembled outside the mess hall long before mess call. When the door was unlocked every man made a rush for the nearest vacant seat at the table and began eating as fast as possible. Some men had wasted away much more than others during their sickness, and I among the unfortunate weak ones. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and in the rush into the mess hall the weaker men fell behind and when they got to



Making the famous "Manila" Rope, in Manila, Philippine Islands.



the table there was not enough there to satisfy their hunger.

It was a pitiful sight to see a young man shrunk in flesh almost to a skeleton and tottering in his walk, trying to get to a table in time to get enough to eat. For a man in such weak condition, if he fell during the rush into the mess hall and unless some one succeeded in dragging him along, there was no chance for him to get up until the crowd had gone over him. The men around him could not stop on account of the pressure of the crowd behind them.

Knowing that sickness had left me in a much weaker condition than most of the other men I was careful to keep well on the outside circle of the crowd, but one day I was caught in an unexpected manner and jammed in the crowd. On account of my poor physical condition I could not run fast enough to keep ahead of the crowd and I fell. Fortunately two men in passing caught my arm and pulled me out from the jam before all had gone over me. The confusion could have been avoided if each man had been allowed to draw his own ration. Moreover, such confusion is liable to result in serious accidents and perhaps helps to swell the pension roll at Washington.


In the month of September of our first year in Cuba, one battalion of each regiment of infantry then serving in Cuba was ordered home. All men who were not in good health from the effects of sickness were transferred to the battalions going home. Stroetz had recovered sufficiently at Havana and had gone back to Pinar

Del Rio for duty with the regiment when the order came. He wrote and informed Phillips and myself that we had been transferred from company K. to company C., that he also had been transferred and that our battalion would be in Havana within a few days.

Several days later a large number of convalescents in the general hospital at Havana were ordered to get ready to go aboard the transport. During the time Stroetz had been separated from us Phillips had grown side-whiskers and I a goatee. We were on the side of the deck of our transport looking down at a smaller boat in which our company arrived. Stroetz upon looking up saw us and immediately passed a joke about my goatee.

Late in the evening of Sept. 13th our transport sailed for New York with the 1st battalions of the 1st and 8th infantry aboard. There was great rejoicing when the boat started, but while we moved slowly out of the harbor we heard the sad notes of "taps," sounded at the artillery camp on shore and we felt sorrow for our comrades who were left behind. Someone shouted, Their time will come some day, and soon all were merry again.

During the voyage to New York Phillips and I occupied hammocks side by side, while Stroetz occupied the upper hammock above mine and at night he often reached down and pulled my goatee. However, it would be difficult to tell which one of us was in (the worst position) a worse position. Being directly above me in a



swinging hammock, I used him for a punching bag whenever he pulled my goattee.

We encountered stormy weather when we passed Cape Hatteras and there was a great deal of seasickness among our men. In New York harbor we were delayed one day, and during that time we saw many interesting sights. Several large ocean steamers passed out of the harbor. The decks of one was crowded with passengers who greeted us with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Five warships were in the harbor preparing to participate in the "Dewey celebration." From the deck of our transport we had a good view of the city of New York and the shores of Long Island looked beautiful. At night the row of lights over Brooklyn bridge with thousands of others in the city were a very attractive sight.

About midnight we were taken ashore and after we had loaded our company property on the cars we prepared for a pleasant journey to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, which was to be our home station. Cooley again joined our party aboard the train, and we bought a large supply of provisions in addition to our company rations. Having enough to eat and the benefit of a cooler climate caused our health to improve rapidly. While passing through the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri our train stopped at many places long enough for us to get off and enjoy a walk around town. When the battalion arrived at Ft. Leavenworth our party of four expressed themselves quite well satisfied with life in the army.

CHAPTER V.

ELEVEN MONTHS AT FT. LEAVENWORTH.

AFTER we arrived and all our company property was transferred from the railway station to our quarters, I was off duty and started immediately for a walk about the post. I observed that the fort was very beautifully situated on high and neatly kept grounds, on the west bank of the Missouri river. I was very much pleased to learn that the reservation on which the fort was situated contained about eleven thousand acres, a great part of which was covered with timber and I anticipated many pleasant rambles through the woods in search of interesting places.

The majority of our men did not see much of the country around Ft. Leavenworth. They saw nothing which interested them beyond the Fort or the city of Leavenworth. The song birds and wild flowers in the woods, or the growing crops in the country beyond the reservation had no attraction for them. When off duty they usually went to the city of Leavenworth for amusement and pleasure. I often wondered how they managed to enjoy themselves in the same old places within the narrow limits of the city nearly every time they were



Picturesque Scenes and Customs in the Tropical Philippines—a Public Laundry and Bath—Manila.



off duty. However, I soon learned they had the same opinion about me. They could not comprehend why I saw things which interested me in the woods. Many believed I was suffering a great sorrow which my lonely wanderings seemed to indicate and I acquired the reputation of being the most quiet man in the company. But contrary to their opinion I was enjoying myself immensely.

When off duty I divided my time about equally between the city and the country. When going out on the reservation I nearly always chose a new route and often found new places of interest. One day while out in the woods I discovered an old wagon trail which I followed until it ended at an old stone quarry on the top of a hill. After thinking about my discovery a short time I concluded that this was the place where the stone had been quarried when the old Fort and barracks at the post were built, in the early days of the development of our great west.

During one of my rambles through the woods I discovered a spring of very cold and clear water and it tasted so much better than the water at the Fort that I often stopped there to fill my canteen when out on my wanderings. I also made several trips over the river into the state of Missouri, where there is a good agricultural country.

When I was not satisfied with the company's rations I bought my meals at the post restaurant as I believed that good nourishing food would greatly help to restore my health which had been wrecked in Cuba. The result was

when winter came my health had become so robust that I believed I was not getting enough exercise from the regular duties at the post and often after dark I took long runs, as in double time, along the hard road between the Fort and the city.

When spring came the woods were a greater attraction for me than ever before. One day while walking near the edge of the woods enjoying the delicious fragrance of many blossoming wild flowers, wild plum and cherry trees, I noticed a piece of land in a clearing where the soil was of a rich sandy loam. I conceived the idea that it would be a good location for a garden and I concluded I would plant seeds and raise vegetables, knowing they would make an agreeable change in the army ration, while the work would be a pleasure and pastime when off duty.

At that time a fatigue detail of soldiers went out each day to prepare the ground for the post garden. But as not one-half of all the cleared land on the reservation was in use for the post garden and field manoeuvres, I was quite certain the land which I had selected would not be used for any other purpose that season. I started immediately for the city, where I bought seeds and garden tools and then rode out of town with a jolly old farmer who was pleased to have company.

The rate at which my vegetables grew after planting proved that my judgment of the richness of the soil was correct. I surprised the men of our company by coming to the mess hall with a bunch of nice young and juicy vegetables at a

time when vegetables at the post garden were still too small for use. The boys wondered where my vegetables came from and when I told them I had a garden of my own there was lively fun for a while. Phillips in his humorous manner reminded me that he had always been my friend and would thereafter sit beside me at the company mess.

Not far from my garden was a beautiful grove of oak trees where I often rested in the cool shade after working in my garden. Several times I saw squirrels on a tree which had several large branches growing almost straight upwards near its trunk in such a manner that I saw it would be an easy task to build a squirrel house between the branches and the main trunk of the tree. I brought out from the fort saw, hammer, nails and boards, made a water proof house and before many days passed I had the pleasure of seeing squirrels going in through the hole which I had made near the bottom of the house.

One day while walking along the road with the intention of visiting the grove where I had built the squirrel house I was overtaken by a sergeant and two ladies in a buggy. The sergeant was of a fun-loving disposition and knowing me to be of a peculiar character very different from all other men in the company, decided with the help of the ladies, to have some fun at my expense. He stopped his horse and all of them began a conversation which I saw had no precise meaning. Being impatient to go on and seeing no immediate end to their conversation, I turned about and walked directly away, think-

ing that I had something more important to do than to talk nonsense. The sergeant preceded me to the fort and told the story to everybody around quarters to the effect that I ran away from the ladies. All my explanations were of no avail and from that time forward I had the reputation of being not only the most quiet, but also the most bashful man in the company.

All men who have ever been in any way connected with the army know that there is almost continuous joking among soldiers when off duty. On account of my peculiar character a great many jokes were directed at me, but I usually succeeded in sending back something appropriate to the character of every joker. On one occasion after I had given my opinion on a subject which was being discussed by a crowd, a man who had been frequently confined in the guardhouse said he believed my opinion was not correct because a man who had lived in the woods as much as I during the time we had been stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, did not possess much good sense. I replied that I had sense enough to keep out of the guardhouse which was more than C—— could say for himself; and that I believed more good could be learned in the woods than in the guardhouse. The laugh was then on C—— and someone hit him another by saying: "Now will you be good."

During the time we were stationed at Ft. Leavenworth Stroetz and I occupied bunks side by side and we were continuously playing pranks with each other's property. Sometimes I found a pair of my new shoes under my pillow when I



Deserted Village of Tina Jeros—Scene of Hard Fighting—Philippine Islands.



turned into my bunk at night. Frequently there were knots in the sleeves of my shirt, and my shoes or leggings were often tied together. I think I suffered most from the effects of our capers, until shortly before we left Ft. Leavenworth when I paid him back a score after which I think we were about even.

I was on fatigue duty at the corral and as my duties there kept me out later than Stroetz, I found when I arrived at quarters that he had as usual played pranks with some of my property—that was shortly before mess call. When I arrived in our squadron after dinner I saw Stroetz and a comrade were deeply interested in a game with cards and I resolved I would even up our scores without being discovered by him if possible. I began by tying a tight knot in each sleeve of his blouse which was hanging on the side of his locker; next I tied the sleeve of one of his blue shirts to his blouse; next a suit of under garments; after that I tied a pair of his shoes, a comb and tooth brush also in a line to the first articles. I planned to get a smaller article each in succession to a larger one and I finally wound up with his tobacco sack at the tail end. During all the time I was at work I set my jaws firmly together to prevent laughing, for I knew if Stroetz heard it he would become suspicious and look up immediately. When I had finished I drew the thing out until it trailed half way across our large squadron and then looked over to where Stroetz was sitting and saw he was still very much interested in the game. I walked out quietly and went back to my duties at the corral.

In the evening I returned to quarters just in time to see Stroetz hustling with his blouse into the tailor shop to have the wrinkles pressed out where I had knotted the sleeves. Before I tied the knots the blouse had been dampened by rain. When the sleeves were untied after drying it left such bad wrinkles that after Stroetz had worked hard for the greater part of one hour he did not have it in condition, so it would pass inspection at retreat, and at the last moment he rushed to the tailor who helped him out of his trouble, by pressing out the wrinkles with a hot sad-iron. About two weeks later occurred another incident which was great fun for me, but a vexation for Stroetz.

One night shortly before tattoo the 1st sergeant came through quarters giving orders for every man off duty to get ready immediately and announcing that fire call would be sounded in two minutes. At fire call every man is required to be outside of quarters as quickly as possible. I hurriedly got my blouse and hat and then ran down stairs to the bath room where Stroetz was bathing. I imagined the predicament in which Stroetz would be placed by my announcement and I shouted over the top of the screen in a voice broken with laughter: "Fire call in two minutes." Stroetz was not habitually given to profanity, but he was placed in a very vexatious position and I was not surprised to hear unusual language from him. From the time the sergeant came through quarters, until I got down to the bath room nearly one minute must have elapsed and there could not have been much more than



A Wall of Tina Jeros, pierced by a storm of American
Bullets, Philippine Islands.

one minute for Stroetz to dry himself, get on what clothing he had with him and go back up stairs for his shoes, hat and blouse. However, Stroetz was naturally spry in his movements and when the company started away from quarters at double time he was in the ranks and not reported absent. It is probable that he omitted some things such as drying himself after his bath.

Another incident which caused a great deal of merriment at the Fort was when Phillips was detailed indefinitely for duty at the post farm and placed in charge of a department which required the care and feeding of hogs. Phillips was very willing to go out in the country for a change. But soon after he had gone out on the farm the fatigue details brought back reports to the effect that if Phillips were left in charge of the hogs much longer he would have as fine a bunch of razor-backs as was ever seen in that part of the country where he came from. Bruce Phillips had lived in Arkansaw and believed in letting his hogs root for a living. After he was ordered back to the fort for duty, in a fit of merriment over his own failure, he composed a song which began as follows: When Bruce went down to Leavenworth, no hog feed did he buy. I remember the last words of the chorus; it was: Root hog, or die.

In the month of July a thirty days' furlough was granted me. I passed my time pleasantly in Kansas City and in the country near Ft. Leavenworth. During the time I was away from the fort I took plenty of exercise and ate all I wanted of butter, milk, eggs and many.

other eatables such as the army ration does not contain. The result was when I returned to the fort that I looked as though I had enough to eat while I was gone. I was not sick or in need of a change when I went away on furlough, but when I returned I was feeling very much stronger and I was able to endure hard duty and not become fatigued as much as before I went on furlough. I am willing to sign an affidavit, declaring upon oath that in my opinion the above condition was caused mainly by eating better food than the army ration. From the preparations which were in progress when I arrived back at the fort I judged that the remainder of my term of enlistment would be active service in China or the Philippines.

CHAPTER VI.

A LONG JOURNEY.

At the beginning of the China relief expedition in the summer of 1900, the four companies of the 1st battalion of the 1st infantry were recruited up to 128 men each, and left Ft. Leavenworth August 14th. There was a rumor to the effect that we would not know whether we were going to China or the Philippines until we arrived at Honolulu. Our train left Leavenworth shortly after dark, and when we awoke next morning we were out on the prairies. All our men appeared to be in good humor. Phillips was lively and comical as usual. He was detailed cooks-police our first day aboard the train and in the morning he came through the cars shouting in a voice loud enough to wake the late slumberers: Hot Java! Hot Java here! Get your hot Java.

At Denver our train stopped two hours and all were given permission to leave the train. After leaving Denver the mountain scenery was magnificent. At Helper, Colorado, one of the most elevated stations on our route over the Rockies, we were compelled to wait while our baggage coach was being repaired. While waiting we enjoyed great sport riding untrained

mountain burros. After more than one hour of such sport we found that the exercise and bracing mountain air had given us an enormous appetite and we made a rush for the restaurants. When we arrived near Salt Lake City we passed many prosperous looking irrigated farms. Our train made long stops at all the large cities and after a pleasant journey of several days we arrived in San Francisco about four P. M., marched through the city in column of fours, and arrived in camp at Presidio shortly before dark. About one week later the second, third and fourth battalions of the 1st infantry arrived and with them came Stroetz who was home on furlough when our company left Ft. Leavenworth.

All available troops were being rushed to San Francisco for service in China or the Philippines. Every branch of the service was represented and our camp was full of life while awaiting transports. The rousing calls for reveille from so many trumpeters and the cool air in the morning had a very bracing effect on the men and nearly all were ready to fall in long before assembly was sounded. In the evening almost every man off duty went to the city for amusement.

There are good roads with beautiful curves through the reservation at Presidio and during the time we were there many people drove up from the city to see a part of the coast defenses and enjoy the fresh sea breeze. One day Private Cummings and I went to see the big guns on the bluffs along the coast. On our way back we stopped at the national cemetery where there



Plaza de Palacio, Manila, Philippine Islands.



were long rows of graves of soldiers who had lately been brought from the Philippines and buried there. There were also many sick and wounded from the Philippines in the hospital at Presidio and we were beginning to get a better idea of the nature of service in the Philippine Islands.

Sept. 1st. Our regiment marched to the dock where the transport Logan was anchored. There was an immense stack of boxes containing rifle ammunition on the wharf ready for shipment with our expedition. On our way out of the harbor we passed Angel and Albatross islands. There is a quarantine station and school for the hospital corps of the army on Angel island and a military prison on Albatros.

Eight days after leaving San Francisco we arrived at Honolulu where our transport stopped three days to take on a supply of coal. During those three days we had opportunity to visit places of interest in and around Honolulu. In the morning of the first day Stroetz and I started out together. The first place of interest was the fish market. I never before saw at a fish market so many different varieties of fish. There were fish of all colors; some were bright red or blue and looked pretty in water. Later in the day we visited the palace which was formerly the residence of the king and queen. The grounds around the buildings are kept in a beautiful condition and contain a monument of a former king.

The second day we climbed some mountains back of Honolulu where we had a magnificent view of the sea, city and valleys in the surround-

ing country. On our way back we passed several school houses where Japanese, Chinese and native children were being taught in the English language. There is a large American population at Honolulu and during our walks about the city we saw many fine residences with beautiful shade trees and shrubs around them. Shade trees grow very fast in that climate. New school buildings and harbor improvements were in progress at the time of our visit. Phillips, Stroetz and I enjoyed several baths in the sea and in the evening of the second day we were invited aboard a small sailing boat by the owners. They told us such charming stories about the pleasant climate and calm waters among the Hawaiian islands that for many days afterwards we thought seriously about coming back to Honolulu after our term of enlistment and with our combined capital purchase or build a small ship. Our last night at Honolulu passed very pleasantly at the park, where the Hawaiian and 2nd infantry band gave a concert.

We sailed from Honolulu on the 12th of September and arrived at Guam island thirteen days later. A United States gunboat was in the harbor and a government steam launch came out from the shore to receive the mail. Our transport stopped only about one hour and we had a good view of the island while we passed out of the harbor and around one side of the island. The green hills presented a very pretty appearance.

On the 30th of September we again saw land, entered and passed through the straits of Ber-



1st Infantry mounting guard on docks at Honolulu,
voyage to Philippines.

2 nardino among the islands of the Philippine archipelago. The scenery was very beautiful. We saw hundreds of small islands lying off to either side as we passed along and all were densely covered by small tropical vegetation and forest trees.

We arrived in Manila bay October 1st. Soon after our transport anchored a government steam launch arrived with orders for two battalions of the 1st infantry to transfer to the transport of Sumner and sail for Marinduke island, where a captain and fifty-four men of the 29th volunteer infantry were held prisoners by Philippine insurgents. 1 2

CHAPTER VII.

ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

OCTOBER 8th we arrived at Santa Cruz, Marinduque island, where company B. landed and where a company of the 29th volunteers were stationed. Early the next morning we sailed farther along the coast and landed companies F., G. and H. at Torijos. Two gunboats, the Bennington and Villalobos, were with our expedition and protected the landing of the soldiers, who went ashore densely packed in small boats. The third day after we arrived our transport sailed for Gusan where companies D., E. and fifty men of company C. were landed. At night the search lights on the gunboat Bennington and transport Sumner were used to search the hills for signs of the enemy or American prisoners.

October 11th company A. and the remainder of company C were transferred to the old ex-Spanish ship Venus which proved to be the most filthy troop ship of any we had previously been aboard. We sailed back along the coast about twelve miles and anchored at Buena Vista, where we remained all night. The night was very beautiful. There was bright moonlight and water in the bay was so calm that it caused only



Encampment of 12th Regulars, on arrival at Manila,,
April 16th, 1899, P. I.

a gentle rocking of the ship. The sea air in that tropical climate was just cool enough to feel comfortable and Stroetz said it was too pleasant a night to be sleeping, so we stood until nearly midnight at the side of the ship looking out over the waters and engaged in pleasant conversation. In the morning several boats went ashore and it was rumored that General Hare had sent a message addressed to the insurgent leader, commanding him to surrender the American prisoners within three days' time, and that all property on the islands would be burned or otherwise destroyed if he allowed the prisoners to be killed.

From Buena Vista we sailed back to Santa Cruz and remained three days, during which time it rained the greater part of the time. We slept on the open deck with not much shelter and partly for that reason were becoming very anxious to land. October 14th we started for Boac, but when we arrived near Buena Vista we saw a crowd of people with a white flag on shore. Boats from the Venus and Bennington were taken to the shore and they brought back the American prisoners. They were brought aboard the Venus and we soon heard the story of their capture and treatment during captivity.

Their captain and many of the enlisted men had been wounded during the fight in which they were captured. One man was shot in the face by a bullet which had first struck and glanced off from a tree. The bullet was lodged in his neck near the jawbone where its shape could plainly be seen under the skin. They said

they were surrounded by about eight times their own number and after their ammunition was exhausted they saw no way for escape and surrendered. The Americans who were killed were buried near the place where the fight occurred.

They had been held prisoners about one month, and during that time their clothing had become worn into rags, all were barefooted and some had no hats or shirts. Their greatest hardship was almost continuous marching over mountains with their captors who were in retreat before the pursuing 1st infantry. Our transport sailed to Santa Cruz, where the released prisoners rejoined their company.

In the morning of the following day our transport sailed for Boac where companies A and C. landed. We had been crowded aboard ships forty-six days and we were very happy after we were again on land. After we had finished unloading our rations and ammunition from the ship we cooked our supper and then pitched our shelter tents on the beach where a detachment of our company remained to guard the property until all was transported from the beach to the town of Boac.

I will never forget my feeling of enjoyment during our first evening on Philippine soil. The sky was clear and the cool sea breeze made the night very pleasant. Our camp was on a high and dry beach and I was certain there could be no fever there. It was almost as good as being out with a pleasure party. Stroetz and I sat with our rifles on the clean white sand near the edge of the water until the hour arrived when



A Pretty Home in the Philippines—Spanish Meztiza
Girls in Native Dress—Manila.



we were to go on post for guard duty. After coming off post we crawled into our shelter tent together and slept soundly until morning.

When the last cart load of our property left the beach our detachment also prepared to leave and I was very much pleased when I was detailed to go with the advance guard. The road between the beach and the town, a distance of three miles, led through a dense cocoanut grove and we had instructions to keep a sharp lookout as it was known that the insurgents on the islands were well supplied with rifles and ammunition. Company A. of the 29th volunteers was stationed at Boac at the time we arrived.

Several days after we arrived at Boac a detachment of companies C. and A. of the 1st infantry and company A. of the 29th volunteers in command of a captain started on a march into the interior of the islands. Each man carried a poncho, rifle, 120 rounds of ammunition, a canteen and two days' rations in his haversack. We followed the Boac river far into the mountains, crossed and recrossed it fifty-four times during the two days. Occasionally we waded long distances in the stream between high walls of mountains. At such places the bed of the stream was thickly strewn with large sharp-edged stones and they caused our shoes to become worn very fast.

The first day was hard mountain climbing. The men of the 1st infantry having lately been confined aboard ships without much exercise were not in good condition for a hard march and some of our men fell exhausted by the side of

the trail. When relieved of the weight of their rifle and other equipments by the stronger men they managed to struggle along until we struck camp in the evening.

An amusing incident occurred while we were cooking supper. A recruit who had not been long in the service was grumbling, "in his own language," about the way they throw a hunk of bacon and some hardtack at a feller for supper after hiking twenty-five miles up the mountains. Just as he finished saying this, another man came along and with his muddy shoes stepped unintentionally on his sliced bacon, which he had placed on a banana leaf on the ground preparatory to frying it. All who witnessed the accident laughed loudly, and the recruit grumbled some more.

The second day we met the enemy, and after a skirmish of not much consequence we burned their barracks and then started back to Boac with the prisoners we had captured. The march down the mountains was much easier, and we made much faster progress. When we arrived back at Boac our shoes, which were not new when we started, had worn out, and many of us had swollen and bleeding feet, caused by the sharp stones and gravel while wading down stream.

When our expedition left Manila we were supplied for a short campaign only, and clothing soon became a scarce article. Officers frequently offered enormous prices for a pair of shoes. The enlisted men were barefooted the greater part of the time during this campaign, and our beards



We crossed and recrossed the Boac River fifty-four times.

1. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

2. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

3. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

4. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

5. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

6. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

7. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

8. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

9. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

10. $\mathcal{A} = \{A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4, A_5, A_6, A_7, A_8, A_9, A_{10}\}$

11.



grew quite long on account of the barber's outfit being left at Manila, with the company property.

One day there arrived at Boac the detachment of our company which had been left at Gusan. Stroetz and I were very glad to see our friends Phillips, Cooley and Gray, who came with the detachment. All were barefooted, and Phillips had his trousers rolled up to his knees. In spite of his beard, his face looked young, very jolly, handsome and carefree. I told him, if he was in the States the girls would fall in love with him.

During the time we were stationed at Boac we were quartered in the upper story of a large building, directly above our storeroom, which contained our rations. We had often noticed a great many cockroaches among the ration boxes in our storeroom, and one night shortly after taps they came on a visit through our sleeping quarters. The fun began when a man jumped out from under his blanket and said that cockroaches had been running all over him. A little later another man jumped up. Phillips came up next, and said they had tickled his feet and started to run up his legs. Before many minutes had elapsed every man was up and shaking his blankets.

The fun began in earnest when somebody struck a light and we began killing the roaches. All the boys were in their nightclothes and running after cockroaches with sticks and flat pieces of boards. In our mirth we struck the floor so violently that we awakened the 1st sergeant and quartermaster, who slept in a room downstairs, and came up to investigate if there was any rea-

son for a disturbance at that hour of the night. A typhoon struck Marinduke Island shortly before we left. The violent wind and rain continued one night and during all the following day, but did not cause much damage.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR VOYAGE TO SAMAR ISLAND.

2 NOVEMBER 9th, Company C left Boac, marched to the beach, where we got aboard the Petrarch, a chartered German boat. At Torijos Companies F, G and H came aboard, and we sailed for Samar Island, where the natives were reported to be very hostile. We landed at Catbølogan, Samar Island, the 13th, and camped five days. Catbølogan was then one of the principal towns on Samar, and was selected as the place for headquarters during the campaign on the island. Other troops were arriving, and we soon learned that our company would not remain at Catbølogan.

November 19th, Companies C and F again boarded the Venus and sailed for Borongan, on the eastern coast of Samar. Soon after starting we entered a narrow channel between Samar and Leyte islands, where the water was pleasantly calm and the scenery along the shores very beautiful. Our boat stopped at Tachloban, Leyte Isl- 8 and, and we were greatly pleased when we were given permission to go ashore, as the town appeared to be very attractively situated. I had not been ashore very long before I was convinced that the place is a perfect paradise for bathing and canoing.

I believe Tacloban will become a very attractive pleasure resort for Americans residing on the islands. At some places near the town the water is quite shallow a long distance from shore, and there is a fine sandy bottom. The channels winding among many small islands are calm and smooth as small inland lakes, and afford splendid means for sailboats, steam launches and all pleasure craft. There are high mountains near the town, and, together with the channels, afford means for diversified pleasure. The climate at Tacloban is not unhealthy, mainly on account of the fresh breeze from the water. The climate in the Philippine Islands cannot be judged correctly from the sick reports of our soldiers, as a great part of the time we did not have the benefit of good food and dry shelter at night.

I believe Tacloban is also very favorably situated for manufacture and trade. At the time of our visit there were large warehouses full of hemp and other products. An American was placing machinery in position for a sawmill. At many places on the islands, such as Tacloban, where there is enough American population, any man who starts to raise poultry, vegetables and cows will get rich fast. There would not be much competition, as the natives do not yet know modern farming methods. Poultry, and many varieties, thrive, but the native cows are not good milk producers, and I do not know whether imported cows are a success.

I have made mention of the filthy condition of the Venus. Before we left Tacloban a few head of cattle and swine were crowded aboard the



Delights of Oriental Farming—preparing ground for
Rice, the Filipinos' "Staff of Life," Luzon, P. I.

same deck on which we slept and ate. After that the filth was something horrible. Some of our men remained up all night. They would not lay down to sleep near the cattle or swine, and there was no other vacant space. The men who slept nearest to where the cattle were tied awoke one morning and found themselves lying in the liquid filth from the cattle, which the motion of the ship had caused to run along the deck and among their blankets. After that morning I was in possession of information of some of the causes of mutiny in the army.

I do not know by who's order the cattle and swine were allowed to be brought aboard our deck. There was a rumor among the soldiers that the swine belonged to a Chinaman who was with our expedition, and afterwards started a general merchandise business at Borongan. I do not know what became of the cattle, but it was said they were intended as a supply of fresh beef when we arrived at Borongan.


The commissioned officers were not among us, but slept on a clean and higher deck, and I do not think knew how much discontent and discomfort were among the enlisted men below. If afterwards there was fresh beef for the company, then in one way there was, and without doubt the officers believed a good deal had been done for the enlisted men. But, in my opinion, each enlisted man can obtain his fresh meat by a better system, by buying his meat with his ration allowance at a post meat market.

We arrived at Borongan the 23d of November. Companies D and E arrived on another boat.

The insurgents made an attempt to prevent our landing, but a few shots from the gunboats Bennington and Villalobas caused them to retreat from the beach. We landed and advanced on the town in line of skirmishers. The town of Borongan is situated about half a mile distant from the beach, and before we could take possession the insurgents set fire to the church, all principal buildings, and the entire native population had retreated to the mountains.

We were compelled to use caution in order to avoid falling into traps along the trails leading into town. The insurgents had made the traps by digging holes about six feet deep and three feet wide. In the bottom of the holes they had planted spears with point upwards. Near the top of the holes thin bamboo slats were placed transversely, and over them was placed a layer of sod in such a manner that the traps could not easily be discovered. Thus, if a man stepped upon them, the bamboo slats gave way and he fell into the spears in the bottom of the hole. The dirt which had been dug from the holes must have been carried away, as no trace of it remained.

Several days before we arrived at Borongan the insurgents killed twenty-two Chinamen because they were in favor of American occupation of the islands. The native presidente of Borongan also was friendly to Americans, but escaped early to Tacloban, where he remained under the protection of the American garrison until he returned with our expedition. Two Spanish families, who owned a store and ware-





Skirmish Line halting for rest before wading a paddy-field, Philippine Campaign.



house, were the only citizens living at Borongan after we arrived. There were still several large buildings and many small nipa huts which the insurgents had not taken time to burn, and in them the companies were quartered until the time came when barracks could be built.

No cots had been brought with our expedition, and during several nights after we arrived we slept on the floor of the huts; but after our company boxes were all transported from the beach to the town, and we had access to our tool chest, we all set to work making frames for our beds. Every man already had a mat of interwoven nipa leaves, which were among the property taken from the enemy. When the insurgents vacated the town they were compelled to leave a great deal of their valuable property, consequently it fell into our hands, and we were allowed to go through the houses and get what material we needed for our beds.

In choosing the material for the frame of my bed I made a careful search through the nipa houses in the town, and in one I found the frame of a loom which is used by natives in manufacturing the fiber of hemp into cloth. The frame had been made from the best hardwood on the island, and I believed, after scrubbing it, I could give it a beautiful polish with a mixture made from ingredients which I then had in my possession. By careful sawing I got the pieces of the right length, and after I had finished my frame it was about two feet high, two and one-half feet wide and seven feet long.

Over the frame I stretched a new mat of inter-

woven nipa. I found it cooler, and in that respect was more comfortable in that warm climate, than a heavy mattress. I was proud of my work, and from some remarks made by the captain and lieutenant during inspection of quarters I judged that my bed was considered by them to be among the best in the company. When our cots arrived I was unwilling to give up the bed which I made myself. Some of the men in our squad advised me to keep it, as it was more comfortable than a cot. However, the corporal of our squad was of the opinion that it would be necessary to have all beds alike at inspection of quarters. Native huts are elevated on posts, and I decided to get a cot and place my bed underneath our quarters, where for a long time it served a good purpose for the members of our squad who came off guard duty feeling tired and lay down upon it to rest in the cool shade.

In a few days every man in our company had made himself a bed, and all slept more comfortably and safely. We had already learned that one of the modes of warfare practiced by the insurgents was stabbing our soldiers from underneath the hut, between the bamboo slats, when asleep on the floor.

CHAPTER IX.**BEGINNING OF THE CAMPAIGN ON SAMAR.**

ABOUT the time our expedition arrived at Borongan aggressive movements were started from all points on Samar where American troops were stationed. At Borongan the commanding officer, with the help of the two Spanish merchants and native presidente, sent out messages warning the natives that after a certain date all who had not taken the oath of allegiance and returned to peaceful occupations would be considered hostile to Americans. It resulted in a few natives coming back to live at Borongan and taking the oath of allegiance. Others soon followed, and some of those who could be trusted were employed as guides and policemen.


Many more women than men came back to live in the town, and it was obvious that many insurgents had their wives and children living in town, where they easily made a living selling fruit and drinks to soldiers. Many of the women were actively engaged in carrying food and clothing to the insurgents with the money they earned, and it became necessary for the commanding officer to issue orders to sentries on outposts not to allow certain articles to be carried out. Some native women harbored insurgent

spies, who were sometimes arrested by our secret outposts at night as they came into town with wet clothing from swimming rivers.

Whenever our camp or outposts were attacked at night the presidente ordered his native policemen to make a search through all houses occupied by natives, and the following day they arrested all the men who could not give proper reasons for having been out of town, or absent from their homes the previous night. We needed a guardhouse for native prisoners even before we started on marches after insurgents, as many who had taken the oath of allegiance were playing a double game.

December 7th, Companies C and D started on their first march on Samar Island. Every town on the coast along our line of march was burning, and the enemy fled as we approached. We carried three days' rations. On our way back we were overtaken by a typhoon, and it became necessary to exercise extreme caution to avoid falling into spears, as the trap holes and trail were full of water from the rain. Typhoons in the Philippine Islands are usually no worse than severe windstorms in the United States, and are not nearly as violent or destructive as cyclones.

There is in reality no dry season in most of the Philippine Islands. The soil never becomes very dry. At Borongan the heaviest rains fell during December and January. At one time it rained heavily eleven days, with only a few minutes' intermission between showers. The rains kept the air delightfully cool, and as long as we could keep dry we were not uncomfortable.





A Sacrifice to Aguinaldo's Ambition—Behind the Filipino Trenches after the Battle of Malabon, P. I.

Stroetz possessed a very active mind, and took a lively interest in the heavy tropical rains. He said it gave him a very pleasing sensation to hear the raindrops falling on the nipa roof of his hut when going to sleep at night. On account of meritorious service he was appointed corporal shortly after the beginning of the new year, and when off duty his closest friends assembled in the evening in his quarters, where we had many merry times, and our voices and loud laughter could be heard above the roaring of the rain outside.

January 8th, Company C started on a three days' march north of Borongan. We met the enemy, and after a short skirmish captured a lieutenant and some of his men. We took possession of his property, and in a trunk we found a book of Spanish drill regulations and some papers containing useful information. The following day our captain ordered a detachment of our company, in command of a sergeant, to attack a band of insurgents whose position was discovered through information forced from our prisoners. The detachment struck the enemy about noon, drove them from their position, and killed several of their number.

I was among the detachment left to guard the prisoners we had captured the previous day. It became necessary to forage for rations for the prisoners; and I was ordered by the captain to take four of our men to hunt and shoot a carabao. I picked my men and started in a northerly direction from camp. We were near the coast, and after we had gone a distance of about

one mile we came to the shore of a beautiful bay. The cocoanut trees formed a dense grove close to the water's edge, and I was confident we would find some domestic animals in the vicinity of some nipa huts which I saw a short distance ahead. I cautioned my men to be very quiet and careful in approaching the huts on account of being few in number, and if the huts were full of insurgents they would probably give us a hard fight.

We found the huts empty, but we discovered a flock of sheep and goats. They were quietly browsing in the shade of the cocoanut trees, and, together with the calm waters of the bay near by, they produced such a peaceful scene that it seemed a pity to disturb them by killing them; but war is the cause of many cruel acts. I raised my rifle, took careful aim at the head of a sheep, and when I fired it fell. My comrades then fired, and another sheep and a goat dropped. We then had a quantity which I judged would be sufficient for our prisoners, and we got out our knives, dressed the animals and hung them in the cool shade of a cocoanut tree to allow the animal heat to pass out of the carcass.

While we were leaning on our rifles and I was considering what to do next, one of my men suggested that we take turns at bathing, while some of us remained on guard. The day was warm; the water looked delightful, and there was a fine sandy bottom, but I refused to give my permission, as I decided it would not be strictly following the captain's orders, and there was danger of being attacked by a band of in-

surgeons at any time. However, we all waded into the water without removing our clothing and, keeping our rifles, took a dip just for the sake of washing the sweat from our clothing and to keep cool for a while on such a warm day. I next suggested that we forage for coconuts for ourselves and some to take back to comrades. We soon had a supply of coconuts, and then we took down the meat and started back to camp, where we arrived shortly after noon. The detachment commanded by the sergeant arrived back at camp just before nightfall.


That night we experienced our first earthquake. The shock woke all our men, and as we had never before experienced an earthquake, no one seemed to know what was the cause of the shaking at first. One man shouted: "Quit shaking the shack." I remembered that a native pony which we had captured was tied to one of the posts of our hut, and my first thought was that the horse had been frightened and was straining his rope in an attempt to get away. I looked out, and in the bright moonlight I saw the horse was frightened, but its rope was slack. I then thought of what I had read about earthquakes, and I exclaimed in a loud voice: "Earthquake!" "That is it," said another man, and we were soon all asleep again, except the guards outside.

Slight shocks are of frequent occurrence in the Philippine Islands, but I never saw any damage caused by such shocks, and I do not think there is much, or perhaps not any, danger when living in a strongly built native house. A house built

on posts which are set deep in the ground will shake, and not break as brick walls.

February 23d, a detachment from Companies C and D started on another three days' march northward from Borongan. The first day it rained heavily. While we were preparing to camp for the night our native guide and several soldiers were ordered to reconnoitre around camp. They had not gone far when the guide was surprised by a hand reaching out from among the tall grass and swiftly taking away his rifle. The insurgent then pointed the rifle at the guide, but fortunately the guide had locked his piece, and while the insurgent was trying to reverse the lock the soldiers came up and shot him dead. Several other insurgent bolomen were seen running away in the brush. One boloman was captured and the reconnoitering party was bringing him in when reinforcements from camp came out on the trail at double time.

The third day, on our way back to Borongan, while passing through a deep gorge, we were surprised by a shower of bamboo spears coming down upon us. One man in Company D was struck by two spears. One cut a gash above his right eye, while the other struck his knee. Several men in Company C also received slight wounds. During the fight an incident occurred which was the cause of many jokes afterwards. Private Ammon, our second cook, and one of the largest and most powerful men in our company, carried the cooking outfit for officers. He had neglected to take a six-shooter on the march, but that did not keep him from participating in





A Street Scene in Ermita, a Suburb of Manila, Philippine Islands.

the fight. He dropped his cooking utensils and charged up the hill empty handed with the other men. Ammon never boasted about what he did during the fight, but it was said by others that when the front and rear ends of our column circled around either side of the hill and cut off the escape of a portion of the insurgents, he struck a boloman with his big fist, knocked him down, and then grabbed him by a leg and hurled him far down the hillside. After he had finished one boloman he looked around to clear out more of them, but all who were not killed or disabled had disappeared in the woods.

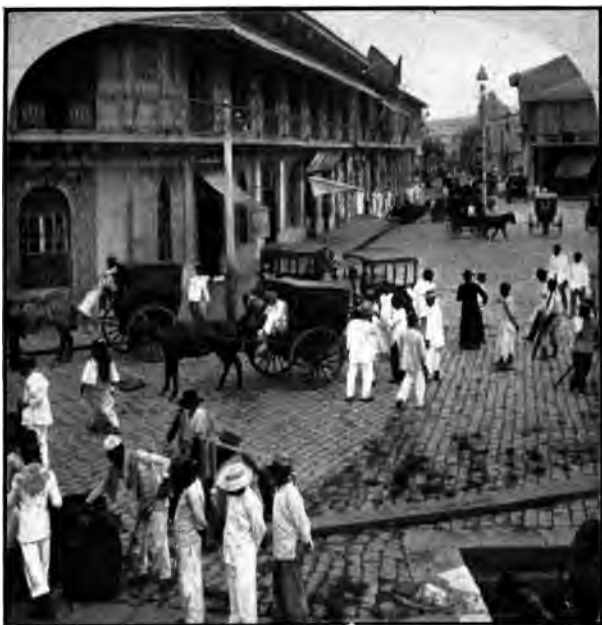
After we started away from the place where the fight occurred the trail and grass on either side was full of spears made from the hard shell of bamboo. The spears were set with points a few inches above the ground. We were also compelled to place new logs over streams. Those we had passed over on the outward trip from Borongan were sawed from underneath, where it could scarcely be seen, and near enough to the top so that if a line of men walked over the log it would break and let them fall into spears which were set with points upwards in the water below.

At another place we discovered a log fastened with ropes among the branches of trees. It was drawn back from the trail in such a manner that the insurgents could by means of a long rope spring a trap which would cause the log to swing forward and knock a line of our men into long spears which were set with points toward the trail on the opposite side.

When we arrived back at Borongan a detachment from Companies E and F was preparing to go south. About five miles from Borongan they prepared to camp near the bank of a stream. The soldiers were eating their supper when a cannon shot from the opposite side of the river went tearing through the branches of trees above them. They returned the fire, but did not cross the river, as there were no boats within sight. During the night two men in Company E were wounded by insurgents with spears while asleep under some brush. Several nights later the chief of the native police of Borongan was stabbed in the abdomen while sitting on the floor at the house of a friend. The insurgents killed him for aiding Americans, and by passing a spear from underneath through the space between slats in the floor.

March 2d, our regimental band and Companies E and F left for Catbólogan. A few days later Corporal Stroetz was ordered to take seven soldiers and a few native scouts to hunt and shoot some cattle for fresh beef. They were fired upon while on an open sandbar, at the mouth of a river where they were searching for boats. Corporal Stroetz and his men quickly took the prone position in line of skirmishers, with about three paces interval between each man. The native scouts were not so well trained, and remained bunched together. The result was one of their number was killed by the first shots of the enemy. The insurgents ceased firing after receiving a hot fire from Corporal Stroetz and his men.

The commanding officer, after hearing the cor-



Rosario Street and Binondo Church, from the Pasig River, Manila, Philippines.

poral's report, immediately ordered out a larger detachment, in command of two lieutenants. Stroetz and his party acted as guides to the place where they had been attacked. I was with the detachment, and we crossed the river about a mile above the place we were going to attack. Our officers planned a skilful attack with flank movements, but the enemy had withdrawn from their position. Near the bank of the river we destroyed a strong breastwork and found marks of blood; therefore the insurgents also must have suffered a loss. Marks where bullets had struck could be seen among the rocks of the breastwork. In a house near by, in which were several native women, we counted many bullet holes. We entered the house and saw where a bullet had struck a chair upon which one of the women was sitting when the shot struck. Three bullets had passed through a stand upon which was the image of Christ.

We took a great deal of property from the house near the breastworks, and burned all we could not carry with us. The inhabitants had gone with the insurgents, and in war it is a part of a soldier's duty to take or destroy the enemies' property. Chairs, tables and the contents of trunks were among the property we carried back with us to Borongan. Before leaving we burned the houses, so they would never again shelter the enemy.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SAMAR—CONTINUED.

DURING the months of March, April, May and June many expeditions were made with boats to attack the enemy in the towns along the coast north and south of Borongan. Our boats carried from ten to twenty-five men each, and had been taken from the enemy.

There are many reefs in the waters along the east coast of Samar, and they were a source of danger to our expeditions. We frequently encountered stormy weather, and occasionally some of our boats were driven on the reefs and nearly wrecked. On one of these expeditions a storm struck us which broke the mast off one of our boats, and in falling stove a hole in the side near the bottom of the boat. The hole was about ten inches wide and nearly two feet long, which let the water in very fast. The men in the boat closed up the hole with their rubber ponchos, but they were three miles from land, and it was necessary to bail out the water continuously in order to keep afloat until they reached the shore.

The landing of our expeditions was executed with caution. A few good riflemen among the insurgents on shore could have killed many men in our crowded boats providing we had given



Gun and Intrenchment Captured from the Insurgents at
the Battle of the Zapote River, Philippines.

them an opportunity. After we had landed there was usually a short skirmish, which nearly always resulted in driving the insurgents from the towns and decreasing their fighting force, while our loss was usually smaller. Some of the towns which we attacked were strongly fortified, and the insurgents had mounted old Spanish cannon.

June 30th, a detachment from Companies C and D, in command of a 2d lieutenant, started on a march from Borongan across the island to Catbologan. They were the first American troops to cross Samar Island, and were the means of giving to the commander of the American forces on Samar a great deal of valuable information about the interior of the island.

It was found impossible to take a pack train into the interior. Our men used ropes to help each other over high precipices. During two days they marched over the summit of the mountains where long ago there have been volcanic eruptions, and where they found no water to drink except what they obtained from a certain variety of vines which grow on the mountains and contain water, which can be drawn out and drank by holding to the mouth the end of one which has been freshly cut. The men did not get enough water from the vines to quench their thirst, and at the end of two days, when the advance guard found a stream of water, the detachment was scattered several miles along the route, caused by the men who were so weakened by thirst and marching that they were compelled

to lie down to rest frequently, and follow when the rear of the column had passed.

When it became known that water was ahead the thirsty men put forth their remaining strength, hurried forward, and in disobedience of repeated cautioning by the hospital steward, drank heavily of the cool water, but with no very harmful results. A fortunate condition on the summit of the mountains served to allay the sufferings from thirst to some extent. During the two days the men found no streams of water the sun was not hot, but was hidden by a thick, vaporous mist.

While passing over the summit of the mountains the men were troubled a great deal, especially when lying down at night, by leeches. They appeared to be everywhere, and even dropped down upon them from trees. The leeches were of large size, and when accidentally killed by the men while walking the blood which they had sucked could be seen coming out through holes in leggings and shoes. The leeches appeared to thrive only on the summit of the mountains, where there was continuous moisture in the air. While passing over the summit of the mountain our men saw many wonderful sights. The volcanic eruptions left deep holes and fissures, and while looking down into them they discovered the roots of giant trees which grew on the rock. The detachment routed a band of insurgents in the morning of the 4th of July, and arrived at Catbologan five days after leaving Borongan.

Two days after the detachment left for Cat-



✓ A Sacrifice to Aguinaldo's Ambition—Behind the Filipino Trenches after the Battle of Malabon, P. I.

bologan another detachment from Companies C and D, in command of a 1st lieutenant, sailed up the coast to Tubig. A few men were left at the mouth of the Tubig River, with orders to sail with the boats, containing the rations, farther up the coast to the mouth of the Ulat River, while the main body marched up the valley of the Tubig River, burned all the houses and shot all the cattle and carabao they saw. When the party arrived at the end of the valley they crossed over mountains to the headwaters of the Ulat River. Their water and rations gave out two days before they arrived at the end of their journey, during which time they found no food except a small quantity of fruit, and no water except the juice from vines. When the detachment arrived at the Ulat River many of the men were in a terribly weak condition. Fortunately they found a carabao near the river, which they killed and ate.

After an unsuccessful search for boats, the men built rafts, and upon them the expedition started down the river. At several places there were rapids which they could not pass, and the men found it necessary to carry their rafts over numerous rocks which projected above the water. When they arrived at the mouth of the river the party with the boats and rations were not there, on account of having been driven ashore by a storm while attempting to come up from the Tubig River, consequently the detachment was again compelled to forage for food. They shot another carabao and some cattle, and then started back for Borongan.

They had gone only a short distance when they discovered insurgents on a hill. While charging up the hill Private Fellon of Company C broke through the sod and fell into one of the enemy's traps. His shoes had worn out on the march, and he was barefooted when the accident happened; consequently four bamboo spears passed entirely through his foot. On top of the hill our men found strong breastworks and three dead insurgents. They were about to continue the homeward march when from their elevated position they saw a steamer coming to the mouth of the Ulat River.

I was with the force left at Borongan, and we were kept very busy while the other two detachments were gone. We were often on guard duty several nights in succession, as it was necessary to guard more closely on account of the danger of attack while only a small force remained. There were many spies among the natives who had taken the oath of allegiance at Borongan, and through them the insurgents learned that our force was greatly reduced, and they began concentrating around Borongan in large numbers.

Our storehouses, containing a supply of rations, ammunition and rifles, were undoubtedly a great temptation to the insurgents, and as there only a small force remained to guard them, it afforded a favorable opportunity for an attack. Consequently, on the night of the 13th of July, the insurgents opened fire with rifles and a few cannon on all sides of the town.

Soon after the first shots were fired the in-



No. 3 outpost, Borongan, Samar, Philippine Islands.

insurgents began burning the houses of the natives who had taken the oath of allegiance and lived beyond our outposts along the trails south and west of the town. Two men of Company D and I were on No. 3 outpost, and when the firing began we took positions which formed a half circle around our outpost. One man in the center lay facing to the front, while two were lying in a position inclining slightly to the right and left. In that manner our outposts were able to guard a line in a circle around the town.

Nearly all our outposts were in charge of privates, but we all knew what would probably be the result if the enemy attacked our comrades in quarters before they were aroused from their sleep and ready to defend the storehouses. I think the only way the insurgents could have destroyed or captured our storehouses that night would have been by passing our dead bodies. The same spirit was shown several nights later when the insurgents, about six hundred strong, made another attack.

The sentries on No. 4 held their fire until the enemy came within eight feet of them—that was the distance, actually measured, from the position of our sentries to where the foremost insurgent lay dead, with a long war bolo beside him. In the second attack I was with a detachment in command of a sergeant, and it was our orders to go beyond the outposts to attack the insurgents who were burning the houses along the only trail which had escaped the previous attack. After we had gone down the trail about one mile, there were no more houses burning, and suddenly the

bolomen rushed toward us from the tall brush. We were expecting them, and every man had filled the magazine and chambers of his rifle, and was ready for them. Had all the bolomen rushed forward to the attack at the same moment they could have annihilated our party, as they greatly outnumbered us. As it was, we shot down the foremost ones as fast as those in the rear arrived. We killed five bolomen, and it was thought we wounded many more who succeeded in getting away or were helped by their comrades. One of our men received a cut to the bone in his arm, while several others received minor cuts in an arm or shoulder from the bolomen.

The day following the second attack showed some of the horrors of war in a vivid manner. All day a continuous stream of sad-faced families of friendly natives, whose homes had been burned by the insurgents because they favored American government, came inside our line of outposts for shelter and protection.

July 17th, the detachment which had crossed the island arrived back at Borongan on the steamer Lanwang. The same steamer went to the Ulat River and brought back the other detachment.

August 3d, a 2d lieutenant and thirteen men of Company C, and about the same number of native police, started on a two days' march up the valley of a river about ten miles north of Borongan. We killed all carabao we saw and burned all houses in the valley except two in which women and children of insurgents had assembled.



The rude ending of delusion's dream—Insurgent on the
Battlefield of Imus, Philippines.



About 2 P. M. of the first day the insurgents fired at us from a high hill. While we lay in line of skirmishers a bullet struck the ground near my face and a man at my right was slightly wounded. Soon after the beginning of the fight the lieutenant ordered a sergeant with ten men to flank the enemy's position. The remainder of his men he divided into two sections. We then advanced by rushes, one section lying in line of skirmishers in the tall grass and firing volleys while the other advanced its proper distance. The enemy retreated before our advancing parties gained the top of the hill. We found a dead insurgent who had rolled down the front of the hill and was left by his comrades. During the engagement it began to rain heavily, and we camped for the night in the place from which we had driven the enemy.

The second day, while coming back down the valley, we discovered a large herd of carabao among the brush and tied with ropes. We cut the ropes and drove them out into a large clearing, where we shot them all. There were about one hundred in the herd and the killing of them caused nearly as much excitement as the skirmish with their owners the previous day. Our first volley hit many of the animals in vital parts, and they fell instantly. Many others ran in a staggering trot, with blood flowing from many bullet holes, and they soon came to a standstill, after which, as they weakened from loss of blood, they sank gradually and unsteadily to the ground. Those that were not hit by our first volley galloped wildly across the field, but our

rapid firing dropped nearly all before they reached the timber. The firing ceased when a few remaining ones dashed into the brush with blood streaming down their sides. Of those which escaped all were wounded, and it is extremely probable that some of them suffered terribly from thirst and fever for several days before death came as a relief. It is my opinion that thousands of domestic animals which escape wounded in war suffer in the same manner. I know this from personal observation, having myself found and shot animals as they lay groaning with pain several days after they were wounded. From this it may be comprehended how domestic animals, as well as people, suffer the horrors of war.

August 8th, a 2d lieutenant with twenty-five soldiers and native police marched up the valley of a river near Borongan. When we arrived in the enemy's country we began burning houses and destroying crops of sugar cane, rice, sweet potatoes and bananas. While cutting down a patch of tall banana plants near the river we discovered a herd of about twenty-five carabao tied with ropes. We drove them out into the stream and killed them by shooting. About two P. M. we arrived near the end of the valley, where we destroyed the last patch of cane within sight, and then started homeward.

We had gone only a short distance when the insurgents fired at us from behind a high hill across the river. I judged the distance and fixed my sight at 400 yards. I began shooting in the sitting position, with my rifle over my knees, as



A Native Home and Family in Ermita, Philippine Islands.



I could do my best shooting in that position. After I had fired several shot I saw two of our men being carried to the rear severely wounded, which caused me to heed the friendly advice of Jessie James, a nick-named man at my right. I took the prone position, which was the position wisely preferred by the soldiers on account of less exposure of the body. Jessie smiled when I changed my position. I afterwards told him that just at that moment it came very forcibly to my mind that a live marksman can be of more use than a dead sharpshooter.


After the skirmish was over we made two litters for our wounded men, and again started homeward. Jessie and I continued joking at a lively rate, but it was at last cut off short by Jessie declaring that he was getting very hungry, as we had had no rations since early morning.

It was then about 4 P. M., and we were hoping that a good meal would be awaiting us when we arrived back at Borongan. About that time we had been having codfish for supper about every third day at the company mess. The boxes in which the codfish came had been so long in hot and damp weather that the tin had become rusted through to the inside. When the codfish were served to the soldiers they tasted bad to all, and made some sick; consequently they were always thrown away, as none would eat them.

When Jessie mentioned that he was hungry I saw an opportunity for another joke. I was quite certain that it was about time for another mess of codfish, and I turned to Jessie and said:

"How would you like a mess of codfish for supper when we get back to camp?" Jessie said he would shoot the cook if he gave us codfish. In that manner time with us passed swiftly until we arrived where we had shot the herd of carabao in the morning. About twenty native ponies were in the stream in the same place, and our lieutenant ordered us to shoot them. The men in the advance opened fire and killed all except two, one a colt nearly full grown, and an older horse, which was up on its front legs with its rear quarters disabled by a bullet. Jessie finished it with a shot through the head. The colt was by that time extremely frightened and made a dash for the bushes which grew along the banks of the stream. Jessie fired at it, but missed. I took a hasty aim and shot the colt through the neck, close to the ears, just as it leaped upon the bank. The shot caused him to turn back, staggering, and he fell into the water, with a stream of blood spurting upwards from the bullet hole in the neck. The colt was a finely shaped, splendid looking animal, and upon afterthought I regretted that it was necessary to destroy its life when it was ready for the saddle and its days of usefulness to mankind.

As we marched away from the river, I turned to take a last look up the valley. In the river the sides of the dead carabao and horses protruded above the water. In many places smoke was arising from burning houses, and crops were destroyed all over the entire valley. Where I stood I saw drops of blood from our wounded men, and again there came to my mind the





Wound from a bullet that entered the chest—Operating Room, 1st Reserve Hospital, Manila, Philippines.



thought that the sooner we destroyed the houses and food supply of the enemy the sooner they would be compelled to surrender, and fewer lives would be lost in battle.

It was twilight when we arrived back at Borongan, and I immediately hastened to the cook-house, being stimulated to hurry on account of hunger, and also to see if I could carry my joke any farther with Jessie. As I had expected, our supper was made of codfish, hardtack and coffee. After the men were all seated on the benches I walked over to Jessie, touched him on his shoulder and asked him if he was pleased with the taste and smell of the codfish. Jessie laughed, but he did not shoot the cook, for in reality he was bad only by word, not by action, as we shall see later.

One of the men we had brought back wounded died in the hospital in a few days. Later we learned through one of our prisoners that our enemy had also suffered a loss. One of their wounded had formerly been employed as a guide and had taken the oath of allegiance, but deserted to the insurgents with a rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition. One of our bullets struck him while in a sitting position, and with his leg doubled up in that position it passed through below the knee and again above the knee. The same bullet also struck and made useless the magazine and firing pin of the rifle which he had in a position near his knee.

August 12th, Company D left for Sulat, and only Company C remained at Borongan. By that time nearly every town of importance on

the coast of Samar was occupied by one or more companies of American soldiers, and frequent marches were made after the insurgents to keep them continuously in the move and allow them no rest.

August 20th, Private Collins and I were off duty and went to visit the cemetery. At the entrance to the cemetery we saw several native women praying beside two small heaps of human bones placed on either side of the entrance, and we wondered what sort of religions was theirs, or that which the Spaniard had taught them. In the inside we saw the same sights which I had seen in many graveyards in Cuba. After crossing the burying ground we came to the boneyard, which was enclosed by a higher wall. After entering the boneyard I saw many skulls which evidently had been dug from the grave and deposited there only recently, as they still contained some hair and teeth. Some of the bones had probably been there a long time, as they were broken and had crumbled into small fragments. In the thick wall on one side of the boneyard there were vaults in which we saw the skeletons of what we supposed had been considered important persons by the natives.

September 1st, four companions and I paddled across the bay in a native boat from Borongan to Grande Island, for the purpose of pleasure and search for sea shells and interesting places on the island. Grande Island at that time had a population of only about sixty inhabitants, and was too small for insurgents to remain hidden thereon; consequently the island had escaped the



Praying for the souls of departed friends—Santa Cruz Cemetery, Manila, Philippines.

destruction of property by war. The native presidente of the island was noted for his hospitality to all Americans who visited his island, and when our party landed he received us kindly, and showed us the best localities where we could find sea shells and other objects of our visit.

We explored the entire island, and found many very beautifully polished shells. We found shells of all sorts and colors. Phillips found a conch shell as large as a man's head. In our search for interesting places we were also successful. At the southern end of the island we discovered a cave at the bottom of a high cliff. We could see into the cave a distance of about fifty feet. The bottom was below the level of the surface of the sea, and inside the cave the water was constantly in a turmoil, as each incoming wave caused the water to rush into the cave again and out again as the water receded. In most cases we saw the natives sitting idle in their nipa huts, as not much labor is required to make a living on an island where cocoanuts, bananas and many other fruits grow wild. By a little careful and intelligent cultivation of crops such islands could be made to support many times their present population, and among the high mountains, or especially close to the seashore, it would really be pleasant and healthful for Americans or Europeans to live.


About half past four P. M. we started back to our boats. By reckoning the time we had consumed during the trip across the bay in the morning, we estimated that we would have plenty of time to get back to Borongan and be

there at retreat; but after we had started we found that the wind was stronger and was blowing against us on the homeward trip. The wind had caused the water to become quite rough, which also impeded our progress somewhat.

My pass and duties at the camp made it necessary for me to be back for retreat. My companions had their pass extended until after retreat, consequently I was more anxious than the others to make faster time. I encouraged them in every way I could, and when we paddled with all our strength we passed over the water quite swiftly. Unfortunately, when we arrived near the middle of the bay the water became so rough that it was necessary for one man to stop paddling occasionally for the purpose of bailing out the water which came in over the top of the boat,—and our speed was reduced a little each time a paddle was out of use. As we proceeded a short distance further another unfortunate occurrence brought our boat almost to a standstill.

Several hundred porpoise began jumping out of the water on all sides of us. When descending back into the water several of them came very near striking our boat. One of our party declared they looked as big as full-grown hogs, and we decided to stop our paddles, as we feared that if we sent our boat swiftly among them we would probably run under them when they leaped out of the water, and if some of them fell into our boat as they came down it would be the cause of swamping us, as our boat was already very low in the water from our weight.

As soon as we had recovered from the effects





Luxurious Nature's Revelry—on the Imus River, near
Imus, Philippines.

of our astonishment I again urged the boys to do their best with the paddles. I noticed when we came within two miles from the opposite shore that the water was becoming more calm, and we were making faster time. About one mile from the shore the water was almost entirely smooth and the rate at which we were moving caused me to believe that I would not be absent from retreat.

By going up the river we could get to the center of the town with our boat, although the distance was a trifle longer than by land straight from the beach. We decided to go up the river, and with the help of the tide coming in at the mouth and by making strenuous use of our paddles we sent our boat up the river at a very high rate of speed. About half way up the river to the town, we faintly heard the first trumpet call for retreat. Just ahead of us the river curved toward that side of the town in which my quarters were situated. I quickly decided that I could reach my quarters or the company street sooner by taking a short cut through the coconut groves. I told my plan to my companions, and we turned the boat toward the shore.

Immediately after the boat struck I grabbed my rifle and sprang out. In our hurry we had not taken time to pick out a good landing place, and when I jumped from the boat I sank knee deep in a soft black mud. I realized that another obstacle had come in my way. The mud stuck to my leggings in such a manner as to make it necessary to change them in order to pass inspection at retreat. I wasted no time

thinking about the unfortunate occurrence, but made a dash for a trail over which I knew I could run swiftly, and possibly yet get to my quarters in time for retreat.

I had never before been absent from any call, and I was determined I would not miss one while I remained in the service.

When I reached the hard-trodden trail I ran at my best speed. Being a swift runner, I soon left the greater part of the distance behind me. But, as every one knows, frequently when we are in a great hurry many obstacles appear to come in our path. In my case I was coming around a curve when I saw at a short distance ahead on the trail in single file, a long line of native men, women and children, carrying cocoanuts, bananas and other eatables. Thinking that I would again be hindered in my progress, I yelled at them in a manner which caused all except one to scatter to either side of the trail. The remaining one was a fat woman who carried an unusually large load of cocoanuts in a basket on her head, which, together with her own weight, had caused her to move more slowly than the others. Without slackening my pace, I turned to her right to pass her. Unfortunately, she also took the right-hand side of the trail, and we came together with a whack. The woman lost her hold on the basket by the force of our collision, and I stumbled and fell over the cocoanuts which were rolling in all directions. I heard loud laughter from the natives when I again started away at full speed.

When I arrived at quarters the men had al-



On the Battlefield at Malabon, Philippine Islands.

ready gone out for retreat. Fortunately, I always kept my clothing in neat order, in their proper place, and I knew precisely where I could take a clean pair of leggings. I laced my leggings with almost lightning rapidity, and when I rushed out of quarters assembly was sounding. I went tearing through some banana plants and took a place in the rear rank. Unfortunately, when the company gave way to the left it brought me in file in the rear of Corporal Stroetz. I saw he was grinning, and I realized that he would make use of the occasion to get back action at me for having had so much fun at his expense when he was taking a bath at Fort Leavenworth and I informed him that fire call would sound in two minutes.

After retreat the corporal noticed my perspiring condition and asked me about my troubles. Ever since the affair at Fort Leavenworth he had frequently said to me: "There will come a time some day." When I told him the particulars about how I sank in the mud and collided with the fat woman, he went into a fit of laughter from which he did not recover for fully fifteen minutes.

CHAPTER XI.

AMUSEMENTS, INTERESTING CHARACTERS, AND
IMPROVEMENTS AT BORONGAN DURING ONE
YEAR OF AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

DURING the year our company was stationed at Borongan we were engaged in hard service, yet there was time enough for refreshing amusements when off duty. There were a large number of intelligent men in our company, and a debating club was organized shortly after we came to Borongan. Our debates created a great deal of interest and kept the men who were off duty away from places where liquor was sold.

One night a stag dance furnished amusement for all men who were off duty. Private Burns had brought a violin from the States, and furnished the music. The hilarity seemed to be contagious, as even I, the most quiet man in the company, took part in the performance. However, I was soon compelled to stop on account of a wound which I had previously received in the service and was the cause of much pain in my foot when carrying my weight on the forward part of it as in dancing.

Surf bathing, games of baseball and horse-back riding on native ponies captured from the enemy were also among our amusements.



Locomotives and Cars Wrecked by Insurgents at Bamban Bridge, Luzon, Philippine Islands.

I was usually among the first of our men to participate in any healthful exercise. During one of our ten-day marches we captured from the enemy a fine bunch of native ponies. The day after we brought them in we began riding them for pleasure. I mounted a spirited looking young stallion, and had scarcely got upon his back when our Irish 1st sergeant struck him a terrible whack with a switch. My pony was evidently not accustomed to such treatment, and nearly jumped out from under me. A short distance further down the street several dogs added their barking to the roar of laughter from the men, and he seemed to start still faster. I soon managed to stop him, and then enjoyed a ride along the beach. After about twenty minutes they shouted to me to stop and let some other man have a ride. I told them in a good-natured manner to catch me, as I had made up my mind to keep them waiting a while for laughing at me when the pony nearly threw me.

Of the interesting characters I think Phillips furnished more fun and amusement than any one man in the company.

During several months Phillips and I were members of a squad which was quartered directly on the opposite side of a narrow street from the quarters of Corporal Stroetz.

When Phillips had nothing in particular to occupy his time, he would often lean with his head out through the window and shout: Oh, corporal! As soon as Corporal Stroetz came to his open window to see what was wanted, he proceeded with one of his many humorous ex-

pressions, as follows: Do you believe that Emersonian philosophy, pacifically applied, has any materialistic effect upon the inconsistencies which clog and warp the development of the inner being?

Before we had been long in the islands every man in our company had been troubled more or less with the doby itch—a tropical skin disease of a nature such as prickly heat. Some of our men discovered a remedy, which was prepared from the juice of the wild lime fruit. It was said that it had cured many bad cases, and that it produced a burning sensation when applied to affected parts.

One day a member of our squad came into quarters with a handful of lime fruit. In our squad none had yet tried the new remedy. Philips, either desiring to be first to try the new remedy or to create another comical scene, squeezed the juice from a lime, and when some one encouraged him to apply heavily in order to get the best results, he promptly followed the advice by rubbing a large quantity of the juice to affected parts on his body. Soon he was hopping about in a lively manner. He seized a sheet of paper, which he used as a fan to cool and stop the terrible burning sensation. We were having a house of mirth, and at the stage when he used the fan I saw an opportunity to continue the merriment still longer by using an expression similar or part of that which Philips used when he hailed the corporal through the window. I stepped up to where he was performing and said: Did you apply that pacifically? He laughed, and



The place where Philips hailed the corporal through the window.

replied that he thought he did, judging from the effects it produced.

On a quiet Sunday morning, when nearly all the men of our squad were off duty and in quarters, it was suggested that we hold some kind of church service. One man who evidently had a desire for humorous entertainment, suggested that we appoint Phillips our preacher.

In a short time Phillips had picked up a book, and after some opening service began his sermon as follows: Now, brothers and sisters, I take my text in the tater patch, in the third row, the forty-fourth hill, where the hen scratched up a bug, and pecked a worm also.

After a short pause, he continued: Now I have read down to where Peter slapped Paul in the mouth with a biscuit, saying: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die.

The Lord speaketh unto Moses and said: Moses, dig my potatoes, and I will give you a mess. Moses did so, and the Lord picked out the little ones, saying: Eat and be merry.

Now in those days Solomon came tearing out of the wilderness and run into the synagogue of Judia, saying: Best man in here. The Lord taketh off his coat and smote Solomon on the jaw, saying: Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is my power I will give thee.

Now I will turn over to the 13th chapter of Luke and found it, and it readeth thus: He that believeth and sayeth that he sinneth not is a liar, and the truth ain't in him.

Now, brothers and sisters, Brother Jones will

please lock the door, while Brother Johnson takes up a collection.

Phillips ended his mock service with the following prayer: Oh, Lord, we do humbly thank thee for the past favors thou hast bestowed upon us; watch over us and keep us, and at last save us, is all we ask. Amen!

It should be remembered that Phillips was not a preacher by profession, and I think he did only good by using some words and phrases which his wit and humor called forth—especially at a time when there was no chaplain with us and some men were suffering from homesickness and needed almost continuous amusement when off duty.

Here is further evidence of the great amount of good Phillips accomplished by his humorous expressions. At a time when there was grumbling and discontent with the rations he started the crowd laughing and put them in a better frame of mind by giving utterance to a few comical expressions such as follows: Oh, Uncle Sam, we do humbly thank thee for the hardtack and bacon thou hast given us; we hope that thou wilt continue to do so. Now, Uncle Sam, go with us into the valleys and shadows of the Philippinolies, and at last save us on some train that will take us home again, is all we ask. Amen!

Phillips sometimes stopped a dispute between two men and started them laughing by stepping between them and saying something humorous, such as: See here! The first thing you fellows know you will get into a defucalty and will have to look in the dicseanery to get out; or, If you



Maimed Filipinos—healing the wounds our bullets inflicted—U. S. Hospital, Manila, P. I.

was only half the man I ought to be you'd be somebody.

Whenever anything new was introduced in the company he usually soon had a name of his own invention for it. One day he came into quarters and announced that we would have educated taters for dinner. Later, I learned that a ration of desiccated potatoes had been issued to the company.

One day, while the company was at mess, there was general satisfaction expressed over a dish of gravy which the cook had prepared, and it had the effect to place everybody in good humor. Phillips carried the good feeling still farther by saying: If I couldn't say dravy any plainer than some of you fellers, I'd say drease, by dod.

One night after a crowd had assembled in the quarters of Corporal Stroetz, we heard another addition to our party coming up the steps on the outside. Phillips was always ready to entertain the crowd. With a heavy cane in his hand, he stepped to the door, and just as the man came near he struck the doorpost a terrific blow, saying: Hit the boloman. It so happened that just before the blow struck the man who was coming placed his hand on the doorpost, but quickly withdrew it when the cane struck his fingers. Phillips did not hit the man intentionally, and for a moment he looked as though he wanted to apologize for his rash act; but when he saw that he had not drawn blood or inflicted serious injury, his humorous nature prevailed again, and he said: I knowed I'd hit him.

The fun and joking between Phillips and my-

self reached its climax when we received permission to move to a small hut which was attached to the barber shop. There was space for two cots only, consequently there was no non-commissioned officer, and we had things our own way during a great part of the time we were quartered there. We kept our room in a tidy condition, and the officers found no fault during inspection.

Of the many comical incidents which occurred during the time we were quartered together I will mention one which I accepted as an opportunity to get back action for the time he derived so much fun from my discomfort when I was troubled by stinging fleas in Cuba.

Soon after we moved into our new quarters, being dissatisfied with the company mess, we spent a great part of our last monthly pay in buying commissaries and cooked for ourselves. Phillips was a better hand at cooking than I, but it always fell to me to place our mess kits and cooking utensils in neat order after a meal. I frequently reproved him for his carelessness about such matters, but he always laughed and answered me in a manner as do spoiled sons or daughters to their parents.

One day after our evening meal, I noticed a sack containing sugar which he had left on his blanket at the head of his cot. I saw that some sugar had been scattered over the blanket, and in a pretended authoritative tone I ordered him to put the sugar in its proper place. Phillips laughed and replied: I don't understand how you are going to compel me to do it, since I am



Block House, No. 11, near Manila, Philippine Islands.

the stronger man. I thought of the ants which are very numerous in that climate, and again I said: I can see your finish if you don't get that sugar away in a hurry. Perhaps he was thinking that I had it in my mind to shake and thump him to a finish when he replied: I don't see how you can finish me if I do you to a finish first, and he laughed louder than before.

We went to bed shortly after tattoo, and about midnight I was awakened by hearing him shake his blankets and muttering something about the comfortable bed his mother used to have for him at home. I knew very well what the trouble was, but I asked him, and he replied: Not much trouble, only when we get back in mother's bed we won't have to fight ants. I thought of all the raillery he had heaped upon me when the fleas troubled me in Cuba, and I decided I would get even with him. I said: I told you I would see your finish. I asked him if the ants came to attack him in single file or in column of two's, and he replied: By the way the way they were biting me over all parts of body, I should think they came to the attack, "not in single file," but by whole battalions, in column of fours and company front.

Phillips had a habit of standing before me and making passes with his fists in front of my face. One time he struck a terrific blow so close that I could feel the force of the wind as his fist passed my nose. When I told him about it he only laughed louder and said: The first thing you know, you won't know anything, and a half of that will be knocked out of you.

One of the last humorous expressions which I heard from Phillips while we were at Borongan was one night when we were on a ten days' march and camping on the shores of a bay. We had just come off post together and crawled under our rude company shelter when it began to rain heavily. It appeared as though whole barrels of water were pouring down upon the roof of our shelter, and perfect streams of it were leaking through and hitting us in the face. One man said: Gee, I got a dose right in the face. There was some laughing, which, of course, immediately aroused Phillips, and, getting up in sitting position, he said: I got one right on the coco. A strong win! was blowing, and when he arose his hat, which he had been using for a pillow, blew away over a line of men. When Phillips saw his hat taking a course towards the bay, he shouted: Hey there! Stop my sky-piece.

Another man in our company caused a great deal of amusement on account of his inability to pronounce the sound of "V" in his speech. An incident which he once related in the company was quite accurately repeated as follows: We came off the ship *Wenus* with a bottle of winiger in our west pocket, wamoosed down the walle and fired three wolleys.

Shumate and Connaham were the best, or the worst, prevaricators in the company. Connaham told stories of large sums of money he had won from the Prince of Wales at games of poker, and of the rich widow he married at New York after coming as immigrant from Ireland. Schumate



Convalescent Filipinos—the work of our 1st Reserve
Hospital, Manila, P. I.

told so many stories of banks and trains he had robbed that he was nicknamed Jessie James. Whenever he came into a hut where soldiers were quartered some one was sure to say: Hands up! Here comes Jessie. After all hands were up there was usually a great deal of laughter, in which Shumate always joined with the others.

Joe Cooley had the reputation of being the slowest man in the company. It did not trouble Cooley that his slowness was the cause of amusement. He helped along the jokes by saying that he was the most popular man in the company for the reason that his name was mentioned by the commissioned officers more frequently than any other in the company. The true cause of his name being mentioned so often at drill and all other formations was his slowness. It was necessary for the officers to shout at short intervals: Close up, Cooley! It made no difference which of the non-commissioned officers were in charge of the squad in which he drilled; they all knew his peculiarity, and we could always hear: Close up, Cooley! One of our commissioned officers was appointed from civil life and had not had much training when he came to take command of the company; consequently, at first, he was not able to give commands correctly. It was told by Cooley himself that the first command which he learned to give correctly was, Close up, Cooley!

After Cooley had been given his rations the cooks always began taking away pans and kettles. They knew all men in the company had their rations, because none ever came later than

Cooley. The whistling of bullets did not arouse him to swift action, as he was always the last man to take the prone position.

Private B— furnished a great deal of amusement for the company by his immense capacity and appetite for bacon. I have seen a dozen men "who did not eat bacon" pass their full ration of bacon to B—, and he usually ate it all. The more greasy it was the better he was pleased, and as he was still a very young man he thrived on it, and grew to be one of the strongest men in our company. He was nicknamed Bacon B—, and whenever the non-commissioned officers wanted him for anything they simply shouted, Come on, Bacon!

Several men in our company were regular "ladies' men," and it was amusing to see them trying to make themselves agreeable to pretty Spanish and native girls by using the sign language. I noticed they learned to speak the Spanish language much sooner than most other men. It was surprising to see how willingly and how hard they worked at pounding and grinding rice for the young ladies in their efforts to please them. Some families were entirely relieved of the work of pounding their rice into meal by the "ladies' men." The power by which they won the ladies was beyond the comprehension of some of our men who approached the girls with fat pocketbooks, but failed to make favorable impressions.

One ladies' man, who frequently became intoxicated when the entire population fled from Borongan, was changed from one of the most

worthless to one of the best soldiers in the company and entirely forgot his drinks when the ladies came back to Borongan. During more than one year afterwards—until my term of enlistment expired—I never saw him drink liquor. As has already been shown, I was not a ladies' man, but my peculiarities also were the source of much amusement. The persistency with which I adhered to my own ideas of the best ways of living, in spite of the difference of opinion of nearly all other men in the company, in such matters as total abstinence from the use of liquor and from gambling, secured for me the confidence of men who could not resist the temptation to drink and gamble, and placed their money in my hands for safekeeping until there came an opportunity to deposit with the paymaster.

On paydays I made it a part of my business to get the deposit books and a part of the pay of many of our young men, and I deposited their money with the paymaster before they had opportunity to lose it in gambling, so that at the end of their term of enlistment they would have some capital, which would help them to start in business.

I was regarded by many as a young man regards a stern parent, but those same men, at the end of their terms of enlistment, said that I had done right and that they were glad to have some money when they arrived at home.

So many different men placed their money in my care that I found it necessary to start a system of bookkeeping. However, I did not detest

the extra work, and the danger of being robbed which it involved, as I considered it good business experience. I recall an incident which happened at a time when I was keeping an unusually large sum of money for men in our company.

One night a man for whom I was keeping \$350 came to make some inquiries about his money. Phillips was on a ten days' march with a detachment, which left me alone in our quarters. Some of our men had been robbed of much smaller sums than that which I then had in my possession, and as it was known that I was keeping money for other men I guarded against being robbed while sleeping at night.

Every night before going to sleep I passed a cord, which could not be seen at night, several times across the room inside of all the entrances to the hut, in such a manner that if a man came in at night he could not miss striking them and bringing down from a high shelf my mess pan, tin cup, and many other articles which I had fastened to one end of the cord and placed so near the edge of the shelf that the slightest touch on the cords would bring them down with a crash and be the cause of awakening me from my sleep, after which I could defend myself with my rifle and bayonet. The man who came to visit me brought a sergeant with him, and as I had already fastened the cords to the tinware on the shelf, I allowed them to come in without warning, thinking I would try it as an experiment to ascertain if my trap would fulfill my expectations. The sergeant entered first, and a cord caught him under his nose, while another



Pasig River Boats, carrying U. S. Soldiers to "Laguna de Bay," Philippine Islands.



entangled his legs and brought down the articles from the shelf to the floor with a loud crash. I laughed and cautioned them to be careful of their feet, but it was too late. I had placed a heavy board across the room, with one side raised high enough to catch a foot, and the man who came to inquire about his money caught the forward part of his foot under the board, and it caused him to fall to the floor. He arose laughing, and said: That's all I wanted to know; my money is safe. I next showed them my loaded rifle with fixed bayonet where it lay just under my arm at the side of my cot.

Soon after we arrived we began the work of improvement, and at the end of one year Borongan was a healthier place to live in. We dug shallow ditches along the sides of the streets, and they served to carry away the stagnant water. We cleared away the underbrush, leaving only beautiful shrubs and the larger trees for shade, which resulted in fewer mosquitoes and less fever. When off duty and I had nothing in particular to do, I made use of my surplus energy by fighting disease. I cut out and made windows in dark corners of our quarters, and the cool breeze and light coming in through them drove out the mosquitoes.

Several times when off duty I asked permission to take our native prisoners out for work, and I covered several bad smelling and disease breeding mudholes with sand by guarding my prisoners while they wheeled it on barrows from higher ground a short distance away.

About ten months after we arrived at Borongan

we began building permanent barracks. A native contractor furnished plans and an overseer. The work of building was done by our native prisoners, guarded by soldiers. The timber and all material for building we obtained from the forests near the town.

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSING SCENES AT BORONGAN AND END OF THE
WAR ON SAMAR.

SHORTLY after we had been stationed at Borongan one year a boat arrived bringing the sad news of the assassination and death of President McKinley, and also of the massacre of Company C of the 9th infantry at Balangiga, a town situated on the coast about thirty miles south of Borongan. The report was that the native presidente of the town and his people, who were supposed to be loyal, went to church on a Sunday morning, and at a signal from a stroke of the bell, came out of the church with bolos concealed under their clothing.

The soldiers of the company were eating their breakfast at the mess house and had left their rifles in their quarters, a short distance away. They saw nothing unusual about the natives, "who came from church in large crowds every Sunday," until the main body, consisting of about four hundred men, arrived between their quarters and mess house, when they drew their bolos and surrounded them. Our soldiers saw they were cut off from their rifles, and fought desperately, but were not a match against four times their number armed with long bolos.

Nearly all the Americans who were at the mess house were ruthlessly slaughtered by the insurgents. At the guardhouse the chief of native police with his men shot the sentry on No. 1 post and turned loose all the native prisoners, who armed themselves with the bolos which were stored at the guardhouse.

A sergeant and eight men were quartered in a house separate from the main part of the company. They were not at the mess house and managed to get their rifles in time to save their lives. The sergeant had several fingers cut off while shielding his head from a bolo just as he ran into his quarters. The enemy had by that time taken possession of the rifles and ammunition belts in the main quarters, but the sergeant and his squad attacked them and drove them out of the town. The sergeant believed that with the few remaining men he could not hold the place against the enemy, and went away in two small boats. For some reason he did not burn the storehouses before leaving; consequently about 35,000 rounds of ammunition, seventy-five rifles, eight months' rations and all company property passed into the hands of the enemy, who returned to the town after the sergeant and his men had gone. It was considered the worst blow the American army had up to that date suffered in the islands.

The company numbered about seventy men, and all except twenty-six were killed. Eleven of the twenty-six were badly wounded, which left only fifteen who were not disabled from duty. The commissioned officers were all killed.



A Bamboo Float—Binondo Canal from Binondo Bridge,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

The surgeon was killed on his way to the hospital, and the sick men murdered in their beds. After the Americans had been killed their dead bodies were mutilated in a manner which I refrain from mentioning on account of a sense of delicacy.

The unfortunate occurrence at Ballangiga gave the insurgents fresh courage, and it was reported that many arrived on Samar from other islands. They had a fresh supply of rifles and ammunition, and for that reason we strengthened our position by building breastworks around our storehouses and all our outposts.

A detachment of our company was ordered to march toward Balangiga to attack the insurgents in the mountains. When I saw my name was not on the detail I determined to go on the march in the place of a man who was not in good condition physically.

The detachment started about five P. M., and by midnight we had passed the foothills and were among the mountains. We halted for rest and sleep during the remainder of the night. I slept between the roots of a giant tree until I was awakened to go on post.

Early the next morning we entered a dense forest, and about noon a small party of the enemy fired at us from the opposite side of a river. We returned the fire, but did not cross the stream. The next day we again passed through mile after mile of unbroken forest, and I saw some of the best timber in the world for the manufacture of lumber.

We had been following the bed of streams the

greater part of two days. We experienced some very hard mountain climbing, and at the end of the second day we came to a place where the stream which we intended to follow back to the coast plunged between two walls of rock so narrow that it was impossible for us to go farther and we prepared to camp for the night.

After supper we lay down upon the banks of the stream, covered ourselves with our ponchos, and went to sleep. About midnight I was awakened by the corporal of the guard to go on post. My post was on a big rock in the middle of the stream. During my hour of guard duty I kept a sharp lookout, and also enjoyed the scenery, which I saw quite distinctly in the bright moonlight. From a short distance up stream came the roar of a beautiful waterfall. Below me the stream was full of large rocks, and on either side of the stream was some of the finest hardwood timber in the world.

I was immensely pleased by the scenery I had seen during the two days while passing through the forest, and there came to my mind the thought, how pleasant would be the life of a soldier if only his business were other than that of killing his own species. It appeared to my mind that the nations could agree upon some plan by which all nations would be obliged or compelled to preserve the peace, and make use of small standing armies to guard convict laborers while building railroads which would take out the immense timber and mineral wealth we saw in passing through the forest. From observation I know that if the largest trees were cut out of

those forests the smaller ones in that climate will grow fast enough so that in a few years the same forest can be cut over again.

After breakfast the next morning we received orders to start back over the same route by which we came. Soon after we started back it began to rain heavily. I foresaw a lively time, as I knew the creek we were descending would soon be turned into a roaring torrent. In less than half an hour the water had risen and turned a muddy color, so that we could not see the rocks. There were huge walls on either side, consequently we were compelled to walk in the stream. There was a shout of laughter whenever a man stumbled over unseen rocks and with a loud splash disappeared entirely under water. The rain appeared to do us good, as it cooled us while marching.

When we arrived back near the scene of our skirmish with the enemy across the river, we saw two women and several small children sitting outside a hut. From their look of deep sorrow we immediately thought that something had gone wrong. Upon inquiring we learned that during the skirmish we had killed the husbands and fathers of the women and children. It was the first time chance had brought me back to the homes of men we had killed in battle. I remembered how, only two days previously, after a bullet had passed very close to my own head, I had taken careful aim and fired at a brown body which was visible through the brush. I turned away from the family group, as I could not bear to think that my action had probably been a part

of the cause of their sorrow. When I remembered that I had also helped to destroy their crops. I retraced my steps, and a dampness was fast coming to my eyes as I gave them nearly all my remaining rations, which they needed. After several other men had followed my example, we urged the women to come to Borongan, telling them that many of their own race of people were living there, and had taken the oath of allegiance. It was only another of a long train of incidents which had by that time given me a strong abhorrence of war.

Could all the people, and especially the legislative bodies of all nations, after a battle, come to the homes of the men who are killed, and there witness the sorrow, misery and want, war would long ago have been a thing of the past.

Two days after we arrived back at Borongan occurred another incident which served to strengthen my convictions that war was improper and inconsistent with our advanced state of civilization. The youngest man in our company, one of my closest friends, was killed by the prisoners he was guarding. They split his skull with a spade and escaped with his rifle after they had killed him. He ran away from home and came to Fort Leavenworth to enlist while our company was stationed there. At first I advised him not to enlist if it was against the wishes of his parents; but as there was already a strong attachment between us, I finally yielded to his entreaties, went with him to headquarters and showed him the proper officer, to whom he applied for enlistment. At his grave I again



Sadness in Victory—our "Boys" caring for dying Insurgents—Battlefield of Malabon, P. I.



blamed myself of having been the cause, in some degree, of bringing sorrow into a home on account of having helped along his enlistment.

The closing scenes at Borongan were something fierce. Each ruthless act committed by the insurgents was the cause of harsher methods being adopted by the Americans. After the massacre at Balangiga there were no more prisoners taken on either side, and it was always a fight to a finish, or, in other words, until all men in one of the fighting parties had been killed, providing they were caught where they could not get away. During the two months following the massacre about two thousand insurgents were killed on the small island of Samar. What remained of the insurgent army assembled under General Lukban in the northern end of the island. Several companies of another regiment came to relieve us at Borongan, and on New Year's eve our company of trained fighters sailed for Catarman, in the northern part of the island, to assist in the capture of General Lukban.

After three months of hard marching and fighting Lukban was captured in a nipa hut about thirty-five miles from Catarman. When the Americans surrounded the house he held up his hands and in good English exclaimed, "Peace!"

Another detachment from Catarman annihilated one of the few remaining bands of Lukban's men and captured an American deserter from the 9th infantry.

Corporal Stroetz was in charge of a detail of men who guarded the insurgent general and

American deserter during the voyage aboard ship to regimental headquarters. Our terms of enlistment had nearly expired, and I soon followed Stroetz to Catbologan. I was in poor health during the last months of my service, and I remained at the hospital the greater part of the time while waiting for a boat at regimental headquarters. However, I preferred to do duty when I was able, and the third day after I arrived I was on guard duty at the prison. Eighteen months of war had made a great change at Catbologan. The prison was built on the same place where our company had camped after our first landing on the island. Many prisoners had been sent there from other parts of the island on account of regimental headquarters at Catbologan. General Lukban was guarded in a comfortable building near the prison, but the American deserter was treated no better than ordinary insurgent prisoners.

During the time I was on guard duty at the prison I witnessed more of the horrors of war. About eleven o'clock at night, while walking my post near the prison hospital, I heard a pitiful moaning come from two sick men inside. The moaning continued a long time, as it seemed to me, and grew louder, until a steward and two of his men entered the hospital, when it stopped so suddenly that I was convinced the prisoners had been given the black bottle.

The black bottle was the name for a drug which was given for the purpose of quickly ending the life of men for whom there was no help. This would seem an act of mercy, but the fact



A short rest on the Fighting Line—during the Battle
at Malabon, P. I.



remains that in many cases the help which was needed was certain varieties of medicine or a special diet, which could not be given them for the reason that such supplies had been exhausted at the hospital. I have witnessed instances in our own company hospital when the surgeon prescribed a special diet which could not be prepared for very sick men for the foregoing reasons. Moreover, I have consulted intelligent men who have served in the armies of European nations, and I have learned that the same conditions prevail in the armies of all nations in time of war.

In my opinion thousands upon thousands of men have died in army hospitals because, before or during sickness, they could not have the benefit of a proper ration or diet, such as they would have been given at their homes had there been no war. I appeal to the thinking people, and especially the legislative bodies of all nations, whether at the present age of enlightenment it is possible to remove the cause which brings men into situations where, on account of unavoidable circumstances, the transportation of supplies is cut off or otherwise delayed, and fail to reach so many suffering men in time to save their lives.

Another incident which came under my observation at the prison that night may be of interest. I saw the bare feet of two dead prisoners protruding from under the sheets as they were carried on litters into the dead house. Almost immediately after the moaning ceased at the hospital a voice in the quarters on the opposite side of the prison yard broke forth into the saddest

song that I ever heard. The voice of the singer appeared to be that of a young man, and he doubtless had a wife or sweetheart in another part of the island. Moreover, I well knew that the unfortunate prisoners had been lured to war by their leaders, who used the same method by which children in the schools of all nations are taught patriotism and the glory which may be gained in war. Let us speed the day when such teaching will no longer be necessary.

CHAPTER XIII.

HORRORS OF WAR; REASONS AND PLANS FOR ITS
DISCONTINUANCE.

1. Among the most shocking of the horrors which I personally witnessed and which was made necessary was the killing of a baby by order of a commissioned officer for the reason that the mother had been accidentally killed during a battle. It was not old enough to eat soldiers' rations, and would have died of starvation before we arrived in an inhabited country.

2. A sergeant whose friends and relatives were in pleasant anticipation of his safe return home, were undoubtedly very much grieved when they were informed that he had been killed three days before the date of his discharge. The sergeant was a member of Company I, and was expecting to leave Catarman on the same boat with me.

3. An American soldier, who was captured by a band of insurgents, was tied hands and feet and placed in a hole in the ground, after which he was covered up to his neck and food and water placed just out of his reach. Later, the leader of the band who perpetrated the deed was captured, and I personally witnessed his killing. An oven was built, and when it was full of red hot coals the prisoner was thrown into it,

but sprang out almost immediately, after which a redhaired man stabbed him four times in the back with the point of a bayonet and then blew off the top of his head by several shots from his rifle.

4. Many times I have witnessed the torturing of prisoners by the water cure, which was done usually by placing the barrel of a rifle in the prisoner's mouth and forcing him to swallow water until he could hold no more, and was repeated until he was willing to give information.

5. For the same reason, I have seen prisoners hanging by thumbs, with feet above ground, and by neck, with hands tied and toes resting on ground just enough to keep from strangling.

6. I remember at that time we occasionally read reports in newspapers of the feelings which such acts had aroused among the people who, on account of being far from the seat of war, were not acquainted with the conditions, and could not comprehend the necessity of such acts of cruelty. It is probable that among the people who were loudest in their denunciation of such acts were many who are always first to blindly urge the starting of a war.

7. The agitation by the people, I have heard, caused a general to be courtmartialed for his treatment of the natives. The main charge against him, I was told, was his actions in regard to the age of Philippino boys whom he considered as combatants and capable of bearing arms. It may surprise some people when I say that nearly all of us who have helped to bring on wars by what we call patriotic utterances, have

Smith
(General)
General



Sad News from the Battlefield, Jack has fallen in the Philippines.



been guilty, in an indirect way, of worse crimes than that for which the general was court-martialed, and of killing children by starvation much younger in years than that at which the general considered them capable of bearing arms. When war is declared and an enemy blockades ports and destroys crops, what happens? Starvation, of course; or ask the people who have lived in localities where there have been army operations in time of war.

8. In order to better explain my meaning when I say that such harsh methods are sometimes necessary, I will ask my readers to picture in their minds the parents of families who have sons in the army. Picture the sons with a detachment in the enemy's country. The detachment is out to find and attack the enemy, and have one of the enemy as prisoner. Now we come to the point in question. Would it be best for an officer to give orders for the torturing of one man in order to get information about the number, strength and location of the enemy's position or, if the prisoner refused to give information, to go ahead without it and blindly lead the detachment into a death trap, where all would be annihilated by the enemy? Without a doubt, if the latter course were taken, the parents whose sons would be killed would blame the officer for not having first obtained information about the enemy, and would approve of getting it by means of torture if necessary.


9. Having served in the army during three years of war, and also inquired of men who have served in European armies, therefore I be-

lieve I am qualified to know whereof I speak, and I give it as my opinion that such harsh methods always have been and always will be practiced in war. There are changeable reasons why such practices sometimes come to the notice of the people and at other times are almost entirely lost sight of.

✓ 10. It is not easy to make the public comprehend that wars are sometimes prolonged and many more human lives lost by the blind interference of those who know nothing about the conditions. However, such interference on the part of the public would seem to indicate that the people will before long cause war to cease forever.

11. The reasons for discontinuing war are many. It would put a stop to all horrors such as are caused by war. In war the dishonest and brutal passions of man are not held in restraint as in civil life. Unless a man has a strong will power the habits of killing an enemy and taking his property are apt to go back with him to civil life, and he may give trouble to the police.

✓ 12. It is true that when the army of any nation marches through an inhabited country, rape is perpetrated on nearly all women and girls found by the soldiers. An incident of that kind which was witnessed by a friend and myself will serve to illustrate how war brings forth and makes stronger the brutal passions of men. The soldiers had surrounded a house which stood back from the trail among tall trees, and in which a crowd of native women thought they were safely hidden. A young and very beautiful





Filipinos in the Stocks at Pasig.



girl was the first object of the soldiers' attention. Her tears and entreaties that she did not wish to give birth to a white child were of no avail, and my friend and I turned away, unable to witness any longer the shocking sight of her struggle. We had once previously nearly lost our lives for interfering at a similar occurrence, and we well knew that any attempt at rescue on our part would be quickly stopped by bullets from unseen men behind us in brush or by the butts of the rifles of some of the crowd. Most of these same men received excellent characters on their discharge papers and were good law-abiding citizens in civil life.

13. Some of the dark races of people have now become civilized, and if war is not discontinued times may come when rape will be perpetrated on many white women by men of the opposite color.

Another good reason for discontinuance of war is because trade would increase if wars would cease. During and after a war many people who had their property destroyed by war have become impoverished and find it necessary to refrain from buying many articles of trade such as are not absolutely necessary, but which would otherwise have been bought as a luxury.

14. Take for an illustration one of the thousands of young men who have been killed in battle, and think of the amount of articles of trade this one man with a family of five would have consumed during a period of twenty years, and you have an idea of the amount which is lost when many thousands are killed.

15. I have traveled enough to know that there will never be danger of over-population, for the reason that I have seen whole islands and large tracts of land in many countries which could be made as good as the best garden spots in the world, but are now overgrown with brush and growing no crops for the support of population. There also is a growing tendency toward smaller families and more families in which there are no children.

16. Even the cultivated farms in many parts of the world could be made to produce double the food supply which they now produce by intelligent cultivation and fertilization.

17. It is a part of my plans that, after everlasting peace is established, the nations shall still have small standing armies to be used in creating new industries by building irrigation canals and wagon roads with convict labor guarded by soldiers. I once heard a German farmer in this country give a description of methods by which the German Government built new roads. A straight graded road was first built; next small stones were hauled on the roadbed, covered with dirt, and then crushed rock or gravel, after which a heavy steam roller packed it down hard enough so the heaviest loads could pass safely over it in the wettest weather. By such methods a larger food supply for the world's population could be raised if we had many such roads, as it would then not be necessary for farmers to refrain from raising crops which require marketing at times when roads are almost impassable. Moreover, after such roads have been built, a much larger



A HAPPY HOME

quantity of foodstuff can be brought to market in less time than over bad roads.

18. Such roads could also be built by the army into unsettled parts where new farms and new towns would quickly follow. It would bring an enormous increase in manufacture and trade, as everything in the line of implements and machinery, from household goods, plow and hoe to a railroad locomotive and grain elevators, would be needed in the new countries.

19. The people would also be relieved of the tramp nuisance. Detachments of soldiers would go out on the roads each day, while others remained around headquarters in the towns to arrest and put to work all tramps caught stealing a ride on trains or begging a meal. Picture in your mind the mistress of a private residence calling up army headquarters over the 'phone while the tramp is lazily awaiting the preparation of a meal, and you have a picture of his finish.

20. It seems it would be an easy matter for mounted soldiers to guard convict laborers in the harvest fields of the west, where almost every year there is a scarcity of labor and much grain is lost on account of becoming over-ripe. The convicts should only be used in the harvest fields when other labor cannot be obtained, and the farmers pay the government for the work. If convict labor became scarce I know of other easy methods by which the army could carry on works of improvement and create new industry.

(21. How much more pleasant will be the duties of the army and navy if international peace can be established.) The works of im-

✓✓ improvement would make frequent changes of location necessary and would relieve the monotony of life in barracks, while the different towns would be a perfect paradise for the ladies' men, especially those among the officers, as the duties of the officers would probably be around headquarters in the towns, and only the officer of the day would be required to ride out on horseback each day to visit and inspect the work on the roads.

22. Here are further reasons why it would still be necessary for the nations to have standing armies and navies. The army would be useful ✓ in the handling of disorderly mobs when the police of any city are not sufficient in number, and to feed and care for the population of any city which may be destroyed by earthquakes, cyclones, fire or volcanic actions. The navy would be useful to prevent piracy on water and assist in works such as harbor improvements.

23. The nations should at the next international peace congress have prepared rules and regulations by which all nations will be obliged to preserve the peace. If any nation violates any of the rules and regulations, that nation would perhaps be willing to make reparation in a manner approved by an international congress of counselors. It seems that in a multitude of counselors there would be safety, and that all difficulties which arise between any two nations and are not covered by the rules and regulations, can be settled peacefully by the meeting of an international congress.

24. If any offending nation could not be in-



When Wars Are Abolished.

—

—

duced to make reparation by an assembly of the congress, then it seems that nation could yet be compelled to adhere to the terms of agreement and war would not follow as a consequence, for the reason that no one nation would dare to fight the combined armies of all other nations, as it was demonstrated during the China relief expedition that the armies of different nations can work together. Another reason why war would not be necessary is because the international congress could advise modes of punishment, such as a refusal by all nations to trade with the offending one in all such articles as will not bring actual starvation and yet damage the interests of the offending nation to such an extent that she will be glad to make reparation and adhere to the terms of international agreement.

25. It would probably be necessary to maintain a secret service or board of inspectors, composed of members from all nations, to ascertain whether each nation adheres to the terms of agreement in strength of military armament.

In reducing the army some of the officers can be placed on the retired list, while others can be given positions in the civil service equal in pay and rank to that which they held in the army. Some will be qualified to fill positions in the new international service.

I have further plans which can be used as safeguards for the nations, but will not mention them for the reason that new and unforeseen developments may alter them, as well as some I have already given; but if the people or any in-

ternational peace congress desire my service, I will be ready to submit further plans.

A few more words which will serve to show that it is wise to begin plans for war's abolition may not be amiss. Through careful inquiry and study I have arrived at the conclusion that among the highly civilized nations of Europe and America there is a growing tendency, as the intelligence of the population increases, toward shrinking from dangerous duty in war, for the reason that civilization has made men more tender hearted, and they are unwilling to bring sorrow into their homes by exposing themselves to almost certain death when, at this enlightened age, there are other means than war by which difficulties may be settled. The same class of men when at home would show great courage in defending members of their family from harm, or in fighting lawbreakers. Moreover, men who have served in the armies of highly civilized nations and seen war with races of people of a lower or no civilization, believe it to be a positive fact that civilized men when taken prisoners in war, will give away important information much more quickly than men of a lower civilization when subjected to bodily torture, and afterwards remain under the protection of the enemy. From the above facts, and other incidents if war which I have told exactly as I saw them happen, it will be obvious that war is becoming more and more undesirable by the majority of the people, and must soon be abolished.

THE END.

*(Supplementary chapter added in new edition,
May, 1907.)*

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME OF THE OPPOSING FACTORS OF THE ABOLISHMENT OF WAR AND HOW THEY MAY BE OVERCOME.

It may be wise to supply substitutes in order to accomplish the abolishment of war. It seems that the guarding of convict laborers would be in some degree a substitute for the present military duty. Such methods and (proper education will help to overcome opposing factors such as the war spirit.) I will narrate a discussion which occurred one night in the Philippine Islands between two men from Kentucky on one side and Corporal Stroetz and myself on the other—it will help to show that the war spirit should not delay the abolishment of war.

The men from Kentucky told of several instances they had witnessed in their own state and in other localities where family feuds still exist, and where men still persist in settling their differences with knives and guns rather than by the law. Stroetz and I explained that such acts "especially the family feuds in which the fathers and sons of the opposing families fight with guns," were some of the hereditary remnants of the far barbaric past when province fought against province, town against town, family against family. We also explained that in the place where we came from, and in all the civilized world except a few scattered localities, the same differences would be settled either by arbitration, by law, (or by nothing more serious than a fist fight,) and that the use of dangerous weapons in a fight would be considered disgraceful.

Some men possess the ability to shoot straighter than others, which does not give one party an even chance and makes the act of the other a cowardly one.

The law has long been recognized as a fairer means of settling differences. Few civilized men would be willing to go back to the old methods and civilization in its progress did not wait for those who still adhere to the old barbaric customs. It is probable that when courts of law were established as a means of settling differences a proportionate number were opposed to the abolishment of the old system as are now opposed to the abolishment of war. Why then should we cling any longer to war as a means of settling differences.

I will narrate another incident which came under my observation in a newly settled part of the United States where men were accustomed to settle serious ✓ differences with guns. The incident may assist in explaining how the rivalries and antagonism among nations may be overcome, providing we have the proper men in an international congress.

? war spirit?

Two men became rivals and finally antagonists in their business interests. At that time there was in that locality the same excited talk as there is at the beginning of a war. The two men held a meeting and everybody was of the opinion that it would result in a serious quarrel with guns; but to their utter astonishment the men went into partnership and in the course of a few months' time finished a very successful business deal in which they had previously opposed each other. The last I heard from them they were still good friends.

We all know that in the case of individuals many find honorable means other than quarreling to settle differences. The same class of individuals in a congress of counsellors and judges will settle differences between nations by honorable means other than war, especially if newspapers are encouraged to refrain from printing warlike news.

It has been brought forth in opposition to the abolishment of war that a nation can not surrender conscientious convictions and that neither a nation nor an individual can submit conscience to another's keeping.

Do we not under present conditions sacrifice conscientious convictions quite frequently and surrender conscience to another's keeping? It sometimes happens

that a part of the people of a nation or state are compelled to sacrifice conscientious convictions owing to a majority in another political party. It seems that such has recently been the case in the state of Florida.

It appears that the Governor of that state promised to drain the everglades if elected to office and at the time of this writing is spending a large amount of money in the attempt, when very few engineers believe it can be done. A great many people in the state were of the opinion that so much money should not be spent in a doubtful scheme, while so much rich territory in the state remained unsettled and the need of schools and roads is so great.

Does not the employee submit his conscience to the keeping of his employer in a more or less degree and frequently sacrifice conscientious convictions in order to hold his job and provide for his family.

Perhaps nowhere does man place his conscience in the keeping of another more, or sacrifice conscientious convictions oftener, than in the army. In some instances a superior officer is, and acts less intelligently than his subordinates, but we have an article in the rules and regulations of war which is as follows: Obey all orders from your superior officers. In time of war the penalty for the violation of this article is death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct. Nearly all soldiers can recollect instances which left them the alternative of violating this article or sacrificing conscientious convictions.

I know of a private soldier who was ordered to clean the equipments of a commissioned officer. The private was stung by the knowledge that he was the equal of the officer in intelligence and in some respects his superior and to be ordered to act as his private servant aroused in him a feeling of intense resentment. The officer was of the kind who win battles, and the private knew that in a court-martial against him he would be sure to bring heavy punishment on himself; consequently he sacrificed his conscientious convictions. This man has witnesses.

I recall a time when I was one of over a thousand enlisted men who sacrificed their conscientious convictions.

tions. The incident occurred on a homeward bound transport.

Mess aboard army transports is served below the upper deck. One warm night after supper I was starting up the steps leading to the open deck above when I was informed by a sentry that the orders were: All enlisted men shall remain below. Shortly afterwards I heard music and dancing above, and it dawned upon my mind that the officers and ladies had confiscated our portion of the open deck for the purpose of holding a ball.

I remember how crowded we were on the lower decks and how impure the air became. The small port holes did not admit enough pure air. Near midnight I awoke. My head was aching and I arose, thinking I would go to a port hole to get some fresh air; but space near the holes was so crowded that for a long time I could not get near one. We could hear the merrymaking crowd above and we knew they were doing us a great wrong, but the exits to the deck above were securely locked and it was simply another case of sacrificing our conscientious convictions. We were of the opinion that we could do nothing to punish our officers, for we had been taught that we must not mutiny. These same officers had rendered valuable services to the government and we decided our complaints would not produce satisfactory results.

Several days after the unhappy experience the ship was anchored at Honolulu and the way of getting off the ship was by means of a gangway from one of the lower decks; consequently the officers and ladies, in order to go ashore, had to come down on the deck where they had us imprisoned the night of the ball. I saw an officer and a lady coming down just as I was getting ready to go ashore. While standing at attention and waiting for them to pass out I heard the lady exclaim while holding a handkerchief over her nose: "Oh, what a terrible smell!" I was tempted to tell her that it was much worse the night they had fifteen hundred of us imprisoned there, but decided that it would cause me less discomfort to refrain from saying it, than to be confined in a filthy prison cell aboard ship for showing disrespect to an officer. Moreover, there

is usually a standing order to the effect that a private may not speak to a commissioned officer "except in urgent cases of a military nature," until he has permission from the first sergeant of his company, and you may be sure the first sergeant will not give permission if the subject you wish to speak about is of no importance to a commissioned officer, or if it is something he does not wish to hear.

I repeat the assertion that war never was and never will become humane. In addition to the torturing of prisoners to gain information there are other methods of warfare which cause conditions fully as bad or worse. These are slow starvation and the killing of innocent persons as spies.

So long as war exists it will always be necessary for armies to take whatever they may need when the governments are not able to supply them. The enemy will continue to destroy whatever they cannot take with them. The killing of live stock, the burning of crops and towns is often more effective than battles in subduing an enemy. The thousands of noncombatants, mainly "women and children," who die of starvation or from diseases induced thereby, is considered of small consequence compared with the great affairs of a nation. To the doubting ones I will again say: Ask the people who have lived where there have been army operations, such as Sherman's march to the sea. Heavy losses of trained soldiers soon weaken a nation; therefore in my opinion, the destruction of property will always be practiced in war in order to avoid losing heavily in battles. Another reason is because among civilized nations unmarried men are too fond of women, and married men too fond of their families to care to die young. I also know from personal observation that the last thoughts of dying soldiers are usually not of glory or country, but an intense longing for home and loved ones. These are laws of nature.

We know that thousands upon thousands of the best young men of Europe have come to America to escape military service. We know of the tears at parting when war breaks out and when the news of death comes from the battlefield. Why continue to encourage hypocrisy such as: "For my country I am willing to lose

you," when the people know in their secret hearts, that it is not true. We should not attempt to hide any longer the fact that among intelligent, civilized people the love of home is stronger than the love of country, and we should not continue to force men to serve in the army at this enlightened age.

Are not beaten nations sometimes compelled to sacrifice conscientious convictions? Was not that the case in the Boer war?

It seems that if there was an international congress of counsellors and judges composed of members who are trained to deal in an impartial manner, there would be less sacrificing of conscientious convictions. The members can be stimulated to greater effort by promotion in the service for those who possess exceptional ability, as army officers are now promoted for exceptional ability.

It also seems that public opinion and the press can be very effective weapons to check wrongdoing. I believe there will be such a storm of protest and scathing denunciation from the intelligent public and press that each nation would find it to its own interest to deal squarely, just as merchants and nearly all business men must in order to hold their customers. In some instances nations already have, or have threatened retaliation in trade for such things as an unusually high tariff on goods. It seems this threatening spirit will be another effective weapon to prevent wrongdoing.

I believe that even with semi-civilized races war can be almost entirely prevented if we pursue better methods. I propose that the nations abandon the principle of conquest and establish protectorates over semi-civilized races. If managed right, by the time these races are capable of self-government they will not want a republic of their own, but will prefer to be a part of some great nation. I direct attention to the fact that the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States by request of its own people and not by means of war.

Plunder is one of the motives of armies for war with semi-civilized races. Give the soldiers a substitute for the money they realize from the sale of their plunder and there will not be so much desire for war with semi-civilized races.

Let the government commission their soldiers to act as agents in carrying on trade with the natives and assist them in the beginning of farms and schools, in which the studies include agriculture and the trades.

*America's
civilizing
mission*

As a substitute for plunder or prize money the governments can give extra pay to officers and enlisted men who possess ability to trade with the natives. This can be managed in the same manner in which some men now receive extra pay for extra duty.

We know that among a large number of men as in the army there are always some who are peculiarly adopted to certain trades. In the Philippine Islands some of our soldiers were continually engaged in traffic on a small scale with the natives. They preferred to live among them rather than among white men. This class of men if given the opportunity would like nothing better than to go among the natives, encourage them to raise crops and bring their produce, such as cobra, hemp, rubber and other products to the stations, where they would receive in return for their goods, money, farming implements or household goods.

With government regulation of prices until the time comes when they are able to protect themselves against dishonest dealers; with their money invested in land and other property, or deposited in postal savings banks, and enjoying the advantages of education, the chances of war breaking out would not be many.

The institution of popular education will be a great factor in giving semi-civilized races a true conception of the benefits of a higher civilization. My opinion is that those who proclaim that popular education will do more harm than good, do so from either of three different causes. These are narrow-mindedness, a lack of observation and experience with such races, or from motives such as personal benefit derived from the ignorance of the natives. From my own observation I know that a large part of semi-civilized races are fond of stylish clothes, musical instruments and dancing. With education they become even more fond of these things. I remember several places in the Philippines where women wore no shoes or stockings when we arrived, but after one year of American occupation both women and men acquired a fondness for fancy stockings, slip-

pers, and other articles of clothing. They showed eagerness in following the customs of advanced civilization. With education will come a desire for all things which help to make life comfortable and pleasant. Following this will come a stronger desire for labor in order to get the money with which to buy comfort and pleasure.

These southern races may not work as steadily as do people in a latitude farther north, but if not so many able-bodied young men were exterminated during wars, there would be enough population to supply labor for the different enterprises, even though they do not work every day. We must not expect a complete change from former habits in a short time.

In support of the method which I have proposed for dealing with semi-civilized races, I call attention to the fact that when our expedition landed at Borongan, Samar, P. I., the natives burned a great deal of property, but did not molest the two Spanish merchants who had been carrying on an honest trade with them.

Would not such methods have been better in the Congo Free State than those which have been practiced in the rubber forests under King Leopold's management?

We know that the respect for the profession of arms is declining. Especially is this true in the vicinity of military posts. When the nations abolish war and when the people see great works of improvement being accomplished by the army, then perhaps respect for soldiers will not decline.

The care of forest reserves and improvement of national parks will be another occupation for soldiers—or, perhaps "mounted police" will then replace the name "soldiers." Our civilized mode of life demands the maintenance of more national parks than we now have, so that a larger number of people may have the opportunity for rest and pleasure in the midst of nature, after long periods of honest toil; or in the case of wealthy people who need a change and who do a great deal of good by furnishing employment to thousands at the great pleasure resorts.

While writing of pleasure resorts I am reminded of

the fast growing tourist travel along the Florida east coast to Cuba. This route will in the near future pass over the Florida keys by a railroad which is now building, and from Key West the cars will be taken across to Havana aboard ferry boats. At the time of this writing tourists are going to Cuba by the thousands. Hotels at Havana are crowded to their utmost capacity and new ones are springing up to accommodate visitors. I mention this fact to show the great amount of good which was accomplished in the summer of 1906, when an act by the United States of America, under the administration of President Roosevelt, saved the peace of Cuba.

Had this act been neglected, and had war been in progress the following winter of 1907, thousands of tourists would have gone elsewhere and the hotels and merchants who supply them would have suffered a great loss in trade. Even at the present time business men still refrain from investing large sums of money until they know whether peace will be permanent in Cuba. This shows how war injures nearly all business men except army contractors. When business men will not invest money it also injures laboring classes. Added to business depression war has a tendency to increase the price of the necessities of life.

It seems that an international congress of counsellors and judges, composed of members who possess great ability, rare discretion, unusual tact and facility for reconciliation, can save the peace of nations as our legislators saved the peace of Cuba. If so much good resulted from the saving of peace in Cuba we can imagine the great amount of good which will result from the saving of the peace of the world.

In my mind's eye I can already see a possible scheme for a great tourist route and freight traffic, providing conditions in the Philippines are such as to insure the safety of property by the time the Panama canal is finished.

The possible scheme for a great tourist route is from New Orleans and down the Florida east coast to Cuba, then by way of the Panama canal to the Hawaiian and

Philippine Islands. Many who are in a position to know (including myself) are of the opinion that the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands afford more attractions than Florida or Cuba. At Honolulu people will have opportunity to return home across the continent; but as many people spend an entire season in tourist travel the journey might as well be continued to the Philippines, where the shores of the many islands are indented by thousands of picturesque bights and lagoons.

With a band aboard and a part of the deck arranged for open air balls the voyage between Honolulu and Manila will probably be the most pleasant part of the journey. There the ocean is usually calm. The soft sea breeze has a very good effect on the complexion of ladies and is just cool enough at all times of the year for comfort on the open deck.

I remember how even we soldiers, with very few comforts, enjoyed being on the open deck in the evening when the sky was usually so bright and clear and the motion of the ship so gentle that we always remained until near midnight before going below, or slept on the open deck all night, except the night we were imprisoned below. This time I mention the affair only as a jest. I am willing now to sink all my differences with the officers and extend to them the hand of friendship. I believed at that time that mutiny was not the proper thing to do. I had then already planned to write a book, believing that would be a more peaceful and effective way of stopping such acts of oppression. Moreover, I knew that army officers as a whole are reasonably good men and that few men if placed in the same circumstances would have acted otherwise.

When men are placed in the demoralizing influences of war, are taught continuously to oppose an enemy, and demand strict obedience of those under command, it is not astonishing that they sometimes overstep the bounds of reason and unduly oppress those under their command.

Be it also remembered that in the army an enlisted man cannot escape from a tyrannical master as easily as in civil life. The penalty for deserting the army in

time of war is usually death. But perhaps we can abandon the cause of such a state of things if we extend our efforts in the right direction. Humanity and a majority of the business interests demand it.

I do not claim that all my propositions will prove to be practicable means to secure the abolishment of war, but hope they may help to hasten the day when there shall be eternal peace among nations.

Sam S. & Lee Shubert

direct the following theatres and theatrical attractions in America:

Lyric, Casino and Princess Theatres, New York.	Lyric Theatre, New Orleans.
Garrick Theatre, Chicago.	New Marlowe Theatre, Chattanooga.
Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia.	New Theatre, Detroit.
Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn.	Grand Opera House, Davenport, Iowa.
Belasco Theatre, Washington.	New Theatre, Toronto.
Belasco Theatre, Pittsburg.	New Sothern Theatre, Denver.
Empire Theatre, Newark.	Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Kansas City.
New Theatre, Utica.	Majestic Theatre, Los Angeles.
Grand Opera House, Syracuse.	Belasco Theatre, Portland.
Baker Theatre, Rochester.	Shubert Theatre, Seattle.
Shubert Theatre, Providence.	Majestic Theatre, San Francisco.
Worcester Theatre, Worcester.	Mme. Bernhardt in repertoire.
Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.	E. H. Sothern & Julia Marlowe in repertoire.
Lyceum Theatre, Baltimore.	Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertoire.
Lyceum Theatre, Buffalo.	Margaret Anglin in repertoire.
Colonial Theatre, Cleveland.	Virginia Harned in "The Girl in Waiting."
Rand's Opera House, Troy.	Drina De Wolfe and Charles Cartwright in a new play.
Garrick Theatre, St. Louis.	Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery in repertoire.
Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Norfolk, Va.	Arnold Daly in repertoire
Grand Opera House, Columbus.	Henry Miller in a new play.
New Theatre, Cincinnati.	
Mary Anderson Theatre, Louisville.	
New Theatre, Richmond, Va.	
New Theatre, Lexington, Ky.	
New Theatre, Mobile.	
New Theatre, Atlanta.	
Shubert Theatre, Milwaukee.	

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "Julie Bonbon."

Guy Standing in a new play.

Mary Shaw in "The Love That Blinds."

Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard."

W. H. Thompson in "Money Talks."

"A Midsummer's Eve," by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

A new play by George Hazleton.

"The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock.

De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland."

Paula Edwardes in "Princess Beggar."

Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl."

Jefferson De Angelis in "Fantana."

Julia Sanderson in "The Motor Girl."

Marguerite Clark, in a new opera.

Christie Macdonald in a new opera.

"Mexicana," with Louis Harrison.

"The Social Whirl," with Adele Ritchie, Jos. Coyne and Ross & Fenton.

"The Babes and the Baron."

"The Blue Moon."

"Veronique."

Peter F. Dailey in a new musical comedy.

"Queen Xixi of Ix."

The following attractions also play exclusively in their theatres:

DAVID BELASCO'S ATTRACTIONS:

Mrs. Leslie Carter in a new play.

Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West."

David Warfield in "The Music Master."

Bertha Galland in a new play.

HARRISON GRAY FISKE'S ATTRACTIONS:

Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea."

"Leah Kleschna."

Mme. Kalich in "Therese Raquin."

WALTER LAWRENCE'S ATTRACTIONS:

Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box."

Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap."

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

Carlotta Nillson in a new play.

ROBERT HUNTER'S ATTRACTIONS:

"Before and After."

You cannot go wrong in selecting one of these play-houses for an evening's entertainment in whatever city you may happen to be.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

The Instrument Tuned

By ROSA B. HITT.

Attractive Binding, 75 cents.

Limited Edition in White and Gold, \$1.00.

(Author's photo.)

An able and interesting work on a comparatively new subject—Psycho-physical culture—of whose methods the author has made successful application. The book is full of common-sense suggestions and is admirably adapted to the needs of humanity in general.

The chapter-captions will give an excellent idea of the comprehensive and practical character of the work:

Various Therapeutic Agents,

Influence of Mind.

Extravagant Emotions,

Insomnia.

Relaxation.

Harmony the Law of Nature.

Order Now

All of the books named in this magazine to be had
from any newsdealer, or

READ AND LAUGH!

What ?

Why "A Country Banker,"
Vol. 2, in which Gaston
Griffin continues and con-
cludes the diverting narra-
tive begun in this volume.

Send us \$1.00 at once and
receive it postpaid.



BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
835 BROADWAY : NEW YORK

—OR—

G. W. AMES, HAWLEY, PA.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

No Surrender.

BY JOHN N. SWIFT AND WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M.D.

Cloth, 12mo. Frontispiece. Price, \$1.50

From the moment this story opens in the old whaling station of New Bedford, until the climax of climaxes is reached in the high seas somewhere off the coast of Chile, excitement and interest are in order. It is a tale that allows of no laying aside and as incident comes crowding upon incident the reader finds himself utterly oblivious to everything but the words before him.

Imagine, if you can, the consternation of the Chilean commander and his officers of the cruiser "Dona Inez" when, on their arrival at the landing stage, ready to embark after an hour's shore leave, they find the ship, which they had left safely swinging at her moorings, completely vanished.

Such a statement is enough to arouse immediate curiosity and what became of the "Dona" and what became of the Chilean commander and his officers forms the plot of this most extraordinary narrative.

Of course the "Dona" has been skilfully purloined for felonious purposes, and while she and her piratical crew are undergoing all manner of marine castastrophe one of the former officers is dashing overland to head off if possible disagreeable contingencies with the Chilean Naval Department. His adventures are not less thrilling than those which befall the ship, and the clever chapter arrangement keeps the reader's interest ever whetted.

**Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.**

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Told at Twilight

BY EVA BROWNE.

A delightful collection of stories and poems.

(Author's photo.)

\$1.00.

Job Trotter

BY SYLVESTER FIELD.

50c.

A unique work, proving that the "earthly paradise" of the colored race is Africa. This book is decidedly the best work that has yet appeared on the subject.

The Sin of Ignorance

BY HENRIETTA SIEGEL.

\$1.00.

An exceedingly clever story, by a New York girl, who pictures with a fearless hand the domestic misery resulting from drink and dissipation.

(4 special drawings.)

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Why Not Order Now?

Evelyn

A Story of the West and the Far East.

By MRS. ANSEL OPPENHEIM.

4 Illus. \$1.50.

Limited edition in leather, \$2.00.

The press has spoken of this book with unqualified terms of praise.

The Last of the Cavaliers

By N. J. FLOYD.

9 Drawings and Author's Photo.

\$1.50.

"No wiser or more brilliant pen has told the story of the Civil War than Capt. Floyd's; no work more thrilling simply as a romance has recently been within the reach of book-lovers."

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Marcelle

A Tale of the Revolution

BY WILLIBERT DAVIS AND CLAUDIA BRANNON

12mo, cloth. Illustrated.

\$1.00.

A fascinating story of the Revolutionary period, in dramatic form, in which the treachery of Benedict Arnold and the capture of Major Andre are the climaxes. The loves of Andre and Marcelle (herself a spy) lend a very charming touch of romance.

The Burton Manor

A NOVEL

BY REV. M. V. BROWN.

12mo, cloth. \$1.50.

A most thoughtful, able and authoritative work in engaging narrative form, dealing with the existing evils of the liquor trade. The author has wisely embodied his conclusions in charming fiction—or fact?—and thus the book will appeal to a public as wide as the continent.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER



New Book by the Author of

A Girl and the Devil!

We beg to announce for autumn a new novel from the pen of JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS, entitled

LOVE IN THE TROPICS

The scene of Miss Edwards' new work is laid in strange lands, and a treat may be confidently promised the wide reading public whose interest in her first book has caused it to run through over a dozen editions.

"LOVE IN THE TROPICS"

will be ready about November 1, and particulars will be duly announced.

The New Womanhood

By WINNIFRED H. COOLEY.

\$1.25.

No more original, striking and brilliant treatise on the subject indicated by the title has been given the vast public which is watching the widening of woman's sphere. Mrs. Cooley is a lecturer and writer of many years experience; she is in the vanguard of the movement and no one is better qualified to speak to the great heart of womankind.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Llewellyn

A NOVEL

By HADLEY S. KIMBERLING.

Cloth. \$1.50.

5 Illustrations by S. Klarr.

Here is a story whose artistic realism will appeal to everyone, while its distinction as a serious novel is made evident by its clever analysis, sparkling dialogue and thrilling and powerful situations. "Llewellyn" will win all hearts by her purity and charm.

Satan of the Modern World

By E. G. DOYEN.

12mo, cloth, handsomely produced.

\$1.50.

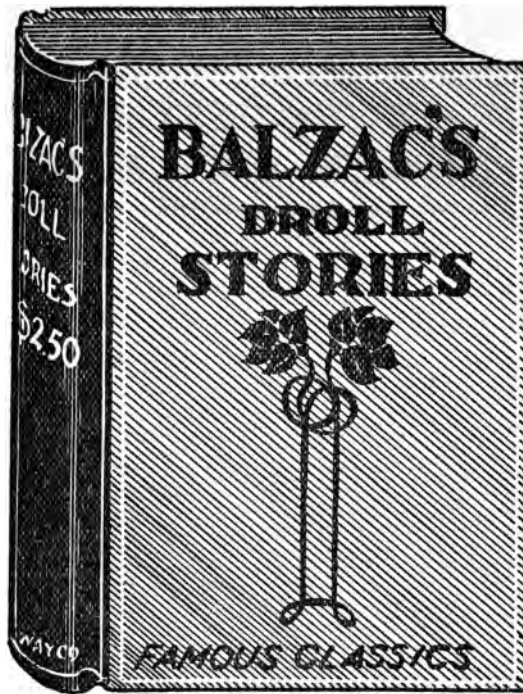
The title of this book will arouse curiosity, and its brilliant contents will fully reward the wide public which it will reach.

A Missourian's Honor

By W. W. ARNOLD.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

3 Illustrations.



THIS book is one of 8 celebrated classics of which we have secured a limited stock. The rest are : *The Decameron, The Heptameron, Rousseau's Confessions, Tales of La Fontaine, Novellino of Masuccio, Rabelais, and Mademoiselle De Maupin.* All richly illustrated and run from 500 to 700 pages each. Unexpurgated and unabridged.

Original price, per copy, \$2.50

OUR PRICE, (postpaid), **\$1.60**

Address, ordering, or for circular

BROADWAY PUB. CO., 835 Broadway, N. Y.

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

Lost in the Mammoth Cave

By D. RILEY GUERNSEY.

Decorated cloth, 12mo. Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50.

A tale which a Jules Verne might envy from his own vantage ground. Imagine the possibilities for a story which are conjured up by the thought of a party of brainy men and women lost in the Mammoth Cave!

A prominent reviewer says:

"This ought to be an immensely popular book. There are no idle moments from cover to cover, and it is one which the reader will not think of laying aside until he has read every word."

Under the Darkness of the Night

A Tale of West Indian Insurrection.

By ELLEN CHAZAL CHAPEAU.

Cloth, 12mo. Attractively Produced.

Price, \$1.00.

The scenes of this story are laid in Ste. Domingue from 1792-93. It is a most timely book, written by one whose life has been passed among West Indians, and who can read the African character with surprising skill and accuracy. A wonderful picture of tropical life, brilliantly depicted.

**Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.**

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

SOME MEN PAY

Ten thousand dollars for an expert to manage their advertising. There are others who pay TWO DOLLARS for an annual subscription to **PRINTERS INK**—the leading journal for advertisers and business men, published every Wednesday—and learn what all the advertisers are thinking about. But even these are not the extremes reached. There are men who lose over \$100,000 a year by doing neither one.

Young men and women who have an ambition to better their business by acquiring a thorough knowledge of advertising, and who wish to become proficient in the art of writing advertisements, are invited to send me ONE DOLLAR for a SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to **PRINTER'S INK** and such information as they may care to ask. Sample copy free. Address

CHARLES J. ZINGG,

Manager

Printer's' Ink Publishing Co.

10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

BETWEEN THE LINES

VIOLA T. MAXIMA

Cloth, 12mo. Dainty in style, thrilling in contents. \$1.00

This is a story on the always interesting subject of an unfortunate marriage; a story of pique and lost opportunity.

**Broadway Publishing Company,
835 Broadway, New York.**

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

GREY DAWN REFLECTIONS

By VIRGINIA BEALE LECKIE



This clever Washington girl has come close to writing the wittiest and brightest book of epigrams that has appeared in this epigram-mad age. A few samples:


A friend lies for—an enemy about—and a wife with—you.

If your grandfather made it in pigs you have a perfect right to look haughty when pork is served.

A married woman's troubled look at 8 A. M. is not so much due to worrying "if" as to "how" he will come home.

The majority of women lay the first misstep to Cupid; some to the man; but it is a fact, if open to criticism, that curiosity and the opportunity are often to blame.

Printed on grey antique paper. Cover in grey, red, green and gold. Marginal decorations in color. Frontis medallion portrait of author in red, sepia and gold. Post-paid, \$1.00.

 What daintier holiday gift for your HIM or HER?

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY
ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF
OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT
EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM
OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER

BOOK DUE

CANCELLED
NOV 2 1987
NOV 2 1987

US 6856.30.5

My army experiences.

Widener Library

006336001



3 2044 086 293 164